

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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Special Notice.

STARTLING EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

In presenting to our readers the sickening details connected with the distillery milk manufacture which prevails to an alarming extent both in New York and Brooklyn, we are animated solely by a desire to benefit our fellow-citizens, to expose the shameless frauds which are every day perpetrated under the eyes and with the full cognizance of the public authorities, and to break up a system which, by the wholesale distribution of liquid poison, is decimating our population, bringing death into a thousand homes, and demoralizing the general health of the city.

In order to develop the subject fully, we shall give pen or pencil illustrations of—

- Every establishment where distillery milk is manufactured;
- The routes of all the distillery milk carts;
- The number of every house to which they supply milk

The location and number of the depôts which dispense this milk as "Pure Country Milk;"

The names of the owners of the cows;

The cows, their diseases, their fearful suffering from unwholesome food and their constant confinement, which only ends in their death;

Statistics of the trade

Statistics of the mortality among infants, attributed by the faculty to the use of distillery or swill milk;

The names and false inscriptions upon the carts which carry the swill milk about the city, and such other points as may arise in course of our minute investigation.

Ours has been no pleasing task! we should not have selected it for pastime or amusement! we would rather have shunned it as we would avoid a place infected by the plague; but a sense of public duty and the powerful lever of faithful and accurate illustrations taken on these leper spots, which will tell the horrible truths more vividly than any pen could picture, prompted

us to pursue our present course, and the hope of ameliorating a great evil has encouraged us to persevere. Our labor in procuring the details which we publish this week has been excessive, and attended with much personal inconvenience. We have visited the various distillery milk depôts, penetrated into their loathsome pest-houses, and inhaled the sickening stenches, until our very being revolted at the thought of "milk," and our breathing became short and difficult, recovering only when a wide distance was placed between us and the distemper-breeding places. Our artists have endured as much, nay, more, for as soon as the distillery "milkmaids," with large beards and of excessive dirt, became aware that fac-similes of their dens were being transferred to paper, they dispensed with great freedom that filthy liquid, which our artists only escaped by the exercise of considerable agility. There could be no reason for this vicious assault other than a disinclination to have their low lazar-houses truly depicted by the unerring pencil.

We have taken means to track "Pure Country Milk" carts to



EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE.—DRAGGING OUT A DEAD COW, JUST AFTER MILKING, FROM THE STABLES CONNECTED WITH THE DISTILLERY, CORNER OF FLUSHING AVENUE AND SKILLMAN STREET, BROOKLYN. FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 359.

the source from whence they draw their pure commodity, and in almost every instance their trail has led us to the distillery, surrounded by its bloated, dying cows. We have spent money lavishly in order to do our work thoroughly, and we will exhaust the subject in this and succeeding numbers, by an array of facts and horrible details which will, we hope, result in some public action that will break up this enormous evil, root it out from our city, and supply a substitute for this dangerous, poisonous liquid, that will be at once nutritious and wholesome. We ask all who are familiar with the subject to send us facts within their knowledge, and aid us to abate the sickening nuisance.

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DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Congressional Summary.

SENATE.—On Monday, 26th April, the Paraguay resolution was discussed. Mr. Mason urged the adoption of prompt measures to obtain reparation for the insult, while Mr. Mallory defended the course of the Paraguay authorities.

Tuesday, 27th, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was discussed, Mr. Crittenden leading off in opposition.

Wednesday, 28th, the Kansas question was under discussion. Mr. Howard spoke of Mr. English's resolution with great indignation.

Mr. Davis also spoke against it, which brought up Mr. Stephens, who, of course, advocated the administration. The debate was adjourned.

Thursday, 29th, the Kansas question was resumed. Mr. Douglas spoke against it. Mr. Brown characterized it as "a peace measure with healing on its wings." Mr. Toombs spoke at some length, and was answered by Mr. Wilson.

On Mr. Green's motion the house adjourned.

Friday, 30th, the Kansas debate was opened by Mr. Broderick (Cal.), who, in a short speech declared his determination to vote against the English compromise. He was followed by Messrs. Poolittle and Pugh. This brought up Mr. Seward, who in his usual able manner denounced the measure. He was interrupted by Mr. Bigler, announcing that the measure had passed the house.

After a few remarks, the Senate divided, when the bill was carried by 20 to 22. It now only awaits the President's signature to become law. Thus ends the tribulation of the Administration on the Kansas question.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—On Monday, the 26th April, Mr. Quitman asked leave to present a joint resolution having reference to the admission of new States into the Union. In order to put a stop to the dangerous combinations of partisan politicians, he proposed that new States shall not be admitted until they possess sufficient population to entitle them to a representative in Congress, nor until Congress has authorized the people of the Territory desiring admission to hold a convention to form a constitution. Leave was refused.

The House also rejected the Senate's amendment to give \$4,000 to the *Globe* reporters.

Tuesday, 27th, the majority and minority reports on the Fort Snelling Investigating Committee were presented. Ordered to be printed and made the special order of 18th May. The majority report exonerates all members of Congress in this affair.

Wednesday, 28th, the Kansas Question came up for discussion. Messrs. Stuart, Pugh, and Doolittle spoke—the latter called in the aid of parables—he quoted the simile of a family of fair daughters, all of whom Samuel, their father, has richly endowed except young Kansas, whom he insists shall either marry John, with a dower of lands equal to her sisters, or continue single without dower until she pass the certain age which ladies dislike to pass unmarried.

Thursday, 29th, Mr. Cox (Ohio) caused some astonishment by speaking in favor of Mr. English's compromise. Mr. Humphrey Marshall then made a speech in opposition to the bill, which led to a spirited debate. The House adjourned.

Friday, 30th, the Kansas debate was renewed by Mr. Clark stating his intention of voting against it. After an animated discussion in which Mr. Cox explained his conversion, or rather his assumed change of mind, the bill, as presented by Mr. English, passed by 112 to 103. This has not caused the sensation calculated upon, since, for nearly a week, the best informed politicians have foreseen the result.

Kansas Rowdies.

We notice from a Leavenworth paper that Kansas city is modelling itself after New York. On the 13th April, as Gen. Pomeroy was descending the Court House steps, Col. Titus, who keeps a drinking saloon there, struck him with his cane, for writing an article in the *Squatter Sovereign*, a paper in which Pomeroy had once an interest. Judge Kaufman, the sitting Judge, who had just finished his judicial labors, coming up to Gen. Pomeroy's assistance, was told to keep quiet, under the fear of a revolver pointed within an inch of his head. The City Marshal stood by, refusing to interfere, but the Mayor finally had the bullies arrested. Col. Titus was tried for the assault, but the jury disagreed. This Titus seems to be a man of considerable genius in his way—he insulted a physician a day or two after, but was terrified by the heretic's disciple into an apology; next day he got challenged by Sheriff Jones, and had to eat his words. Like his great namesake, Titus never seems to lose a day, so far as some riot is concerned. What a pity that bullies are generally cowards, since otherwise they would soon get put out of harm's way.

The Escape from France.

Captain Durham, whose escape from the French authorities, with his vessel, caused so much excitement some time ago, has been requested by the Committee of Foreign Relations to make a statement, that the same may be inquired into. It will never do for a great maritime nation like the United States to allow French marine customs to extend to Nantucket.

Houston and Benton.

A most interesting incident connected with the departed statesman is told in the *Union*. About eight o'clock on Friday evening, Gen. Houston, who had served under Col. Benton in 1812, called to take a last farewell of his old friend. Dr. May told him that the Colonel was then engaged with Mr. Appleton, his publisher; but, knowing how anxious the dying Senator was to see the General, he asked him to wait while he took his name in. He returned with a message from Col. Benton, begging Houston to call next morning, as he was quite prostrate with pain. When Gen. Houston called next morning the old statesman had breathed his last.

Dramatic Larceny.

A new dodge was tried last week in the Third avenue. A young Hibernian female, costumed as a help, with a small pail hanging on her arm, went into a store in the Third avenue and told the man she was sent by her mistress, Mrs. Chegaray, of Union square, for two hundred oysters. One hundred were opened into the pail, and she told the man to send on the other hundred as soon as he could, when he would be paid for all. Away she went to enjoy her oyster stew. In about half an hour the innocent man took on the other oysters and asked for the money for all, when he became aware that he had opened his bivalves for nothing. The same young lady told another storekeeper to send some wine and other ingredients for a cosy supper, to another house, and they would be paid for. She met the boy at the gate of the house, and taking them from him, sent him back for a bottle of hot pickles. When he returned with the hot pickles she had vanished, and the lady knew nothing of the affair.

Another Spurgeon, or Boy-Beecher.

Boston has produced a prodigy, although he is by birth and education a New Yorker. It is a boy Baptist preacher, only fifteen years old; his name is Kennedy. He received his religious inspiration at Dr. Adams' church, Christopher street. The Boston papers are full of his eloquence. He preaches *extempore*, and thinks nothing of sermonizing for an hour, with great *ecstasy*. The religious people of Boston are all running to hear him expound. We may be wrong, but we do not admire these bread and butter theologians, since the days of miracles in that line have passed.

Illegible Writers.

Rufus Choate and General Cass are doubtless the most illegible penmen in the world. They even exceed the London manager, whose order for admission for two to the boxes was taken to a chemist's, who, considering it a prescription, mixed it up into a dose of pills. Cass, now when he writes a note, sends his card inside it, that they may know at all events who it came from.

Remarkable Accident.

Mr. Dwight Sharp, a wealthy citizen of Abington, died last week (so says the *Windham Telegraph*) under the most horrible circumstances. On Thursday last he was engaged in burning brush near his residence, when a strong breeze suddenly springing up, carried the fire into a neighboring piece of woodland. In his efforts to stay the progress he became enveloped in the flame and smoke, and unavoidably inhaled some before he could escape. When help came he again endeavored to stop the fire, when all of a sudden he seemed to lose his reason, and after stumbling around for a few steps, he fell into the midst of the blazing stubble, and was so much burned before he was rescued that he died after lingering a short time in great agony.

Is this Credible?

A Washington paper says that two contractors (it gives the names, which we withhold), who were employed by the administration in conveying supplies to the Utah Expedition, have been detected in sending supplies of ammunition to the enemy. This ought to be inquired into, and due punishment follow such atrocious conduct.

Irish Repartee.

An Irishman attending a Quaker's meeting, heard a young Friend say, "Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "Be jabers," said the Irishman, "ye'll never see your father-in-law."

Button-Holes on both Sides.

A Charleston gentleman, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a favorite nigger, who never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length his master thought of an infallible rule to direct him, and as the coats were then worn single-breasted, he told his darkey always to hand the plate on the button-hole side. Unfortunately for the poor fellow, there was on the following day a foreign gentleman at the table with a double-breasted coat, and this completely put the nigger Gaiymede to his wits' end. He reconnoitred the double-breasted visitor, when at last a bright idea struck him. Taking a plate of soup in each hand, he at the same time placed the two plates of Mulliganatney before the astonished guest, and casting a despairing gaze at his master, whose face grew dark as night, exclaimed, "Golly, massa, he's got button-holes on both sides!"

Murder in Philadelphia.

About seven o'clock, April 22d, the body of a well-dressed man was found floating in the Schuylkill. He had evidently been in the water some time, and was about thirty years old. His throat was cut from ear to ear, his nose broken, and both his legs blackened. A gold watch was found in the vest pocket of the deceased, the guard chain was broken. In his pocket were found a bunch of keys, two pairs of scissors, such as are used by dry goods men, and about three dollars in change. There were no pocket-book or papers in the pockets. On the little finger of the left hand of the deceased was a gold seal ring, which bore the initials "J. E. C." upon the outside. Inside was the following inscription, "To Edward, from Addie." The clothing of the deceased also bore the initials "J. E. C." It has been identified as the body of Mr. Clarke, a merchant of Philadelphia, who went on the 3d instant to make a deposit of four hundred dollars in the bank. He was married, and boarded, with his wife, in John street. If he was murdered for the money he had on his person, the villains were disappointed, for he made the deposit. The police are investigating the matter.

Turning the Tables.

We often come upon advertisements where the husband warns the world of giving his runaway wife either credit or shelter; it is therefore pleasant to see the ladies retort. A Mrs. Smith, of Chicago, whose husband eloped last week with a young crinoline named Julia Harris, thus advertises her goddess spouse:

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my own husband. He is a good-looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers him her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, upon the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow, and bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by

HELVETIA A. SMITH."

Lucy Stone could not have done better. We must, however, warn our readers that, should they take "Jim" back, they had better not stay to tea. She no doubt drinks "gunpowder."

Steam-boat Racing Murders.

On Thursday, 22d of April, one of those terrible calamities occurred on the Mississippi, about five miles above the city of St. Louis. Two steamers, the Ocean Spray and the Hannibal City, both crack boats, commenced racing. On board the Ocean Spray the most diabolical recklessness was displayed, and rosin, turpentine, &c., were thrown into the furnace to get the steam up. A barrel of turpentine burst, and the burning fluid ran into the hold. Instantly the boat was in flames. She was headed for the shore, on reaching which she set fire to another steamer laid up at that point. The horror and despair of the passengers cannot be described. Thirty lives, more or less, were lost, comprising men, women and children. It is due to the national honor that this wicked outrage upon the safety of the community should be investigated, and the captain and officers punished.

Seguin's Point Burned again.

Those indomitable rebels, the oystermen, have again destroyed the Quarantine Buildings, during the absence of Mr. Gregory. The entrance was made by forcing a small door next to Mr. Wolfe's late residence. They were burned on Sunday night, the 25th ult. We must say that leaving them without any watchmen was tempting the devouring element.

Dramatic Fund Association.

The Dramatic Fund Association substituted a cold collation for a dinner, last Tuesday, when they held their annual meeting at the Metropolitan Hotel. James T. Brady presided. Blake, Brougham and Wemyss made telling speeches, and a Mr. Meyer aired his vocabulary several times, without having anything to say. Eloquence in man, like beauty in woman, is a perilous gift.

More Murders.

John McCarthy, one of the employees of the *Tribune*, died on the 27th ult., from the effects of a pistol shot, on the 3d ult., from the hands of a drunken rowdy named Roscius. Let us hope that some example may be made of this fellow, for it was done out of pure wantonness. Some judges make a great cackling over sentencing a man to prison for forty years for a highway robbery, while they wink at the murders of a political rivalry.

An Immense Haul.

The Mayor's police some days ago made a descent upon thirty different poultry shops, and arrested fifty-eight persons. They were required to give bail to appear at the Court of General Sessions for trial.

Buried Alive.

There is no doubt many persons are buried alive, although the opinion of the ablest anatomists is that the victim to this premature haste is never aware of his horrible fate, since suffocation must ensue before he regains consciousness. A Mr. Smart, a celebrated optician of Tooley street, London, very nearly drove all nervous people mad, some thirty years ago, by publishing a pamphlet, which maintained that, owing to a certain revivifying power inherent in the earth, all buried persons recovered their consciousness for a short time. Some persons have had so strong a dread of such a contingency, they have left directions to have a wound made in some vital part after they are dead, in order to kill them, as an Irish friend terms it. At Chicago, Illinois, the other day, a Mrs. Brown, after apparently dying, was placed in her coffin, and was on the point of being screwed down, when one of her daughters rushed in to take the farewell kiss of lips once so dear to her. Bursting into an agony of grief over the inanimate body, she sobbed loudly. To the astonishment and horror of all the corpse opened her eyes, and stared wildly around. A scene impossible to be described followed; the lady was released from her embarrassing situation, and is now doing well. Not long ago a legal practitioner of this city died suddenly, and was buried. Reports were very rife at the time that when the body was taken to the family vault in the country, some months afterwards, the position was changed.

A Billiard-Room Chapel.

A lady residing in the vicinity of New York, the wife of one of our most distinguished citizens, and well known in the fashionable world, has testified her interest in the revival movement by converting the elegant billiard-room attached to her house into a place for prayer meetings, in which her neighbors are invited to participate daily.

California.

The Moses Taylor brings advices to the 5th April, with a million and a half of dollars.

The news is singularly unimportant—heavy rains and cold snaps being the chief events—the former benefiting the farmers and miners, and the latter damaging the fruit trees.

The people of Mariposa are growing very indignant at the presence of the Chinese, whom they have ordered outside of certain limits under heavy penalties. A bill has been introduced to prohibit Chinese emigration.

A band of Indians having robbed a mining camp near Volcanoville, El Dorado county, fifty miners had started after them.

The Supreme Court of California having recently decided that the patent from the United States to John C. Fremont of the Mariposa lands does not vest in him the ownership of the precious minerals found therein, great rejoicing has been made by the miners of Mariposa.

On the 25th March a severe storm visited the Bay of San Francisco, and on the 2d April a smart shock of an earthquake was felt.

The negro Archy turns out to be a runaway criminal, and not a fugitive slave. It is, however, not yet settled what shall be done with him.

On the 22d March Kollerburger, of the firm of Rutte & Co., and the Swiss Consul, suddenly disappeared. Financial embarrassment the cause.

A vessel had arrived at San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands with dates to the 14th March. The whalers were beginning to arrive there.

Martin Gallagher, one of the men exiled to the Sandwich Islands by the Vigilance Committee at the time Yankee Sullivan was hanged, has returned to San Francisco, and has commenced an action against the owners of the bark *Yankee* for \$25,000 damages. This was the vessel he was taken to his place of banishment in.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—The Peers re-assembled on the 12th ultimo after their Easter recess, but no business of any interest was transacted. On the 13th the new law of libel was read, but was lost upon a division of 35 to 7. It was principally intended to protect newspapers in publishing the debates, public meetings, &c. The following week the Jewish Oaths' bill was expected to be "the horse of battle." Many thought Lord Derby would allow it to pass.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The members re-assembled on the 12th. The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Cagliari affair had been referred to the law officers of the Crown. The India bill was then discussed, when D'Israeli announced his intention of proceeding with it that day forthright. The Army and Navy Estimates were agreed to, Sir John Pakington acknowledging they were high; but under existing circumstances, it would not be prudent to diminish the immediate and available force of the country. Lord Palmerston and others urged the necessity of keeping up the forces, especially the naval. Mr. Horsman said that although he considered a war with France impossible, yet every precaution ought to be taken against contingencies. They were passed without a division. The Jewish Oath bill was then read a third time and passed. On the 13th several matters were debated—the Turin blunder in the despatch, and a motion founded upon the inexpediency of allowing members of Parliament acting as agents to any power or interest. On the 14th the Tenant (Ireland) Compensation bill was read for the second time. Lord Palmerston opposed it; it was postponed to the 9th of June. On Monday, the 12th, Lord John Russell gave Palmerston to understand that he did not mean to help him defeat the Derby India bill, but expressed a wish that the House should adopt some general principles on Indian legislation. D'Israeli blandly professed agreement with Russell's plan, and assured him he was most anxious to have his aid in the matter. This will destroy Palmerston's chance of ousting Lord Derby's Ministry on this most important measure. On the 16th Mr. D'Israeli said that the Government had made a demand for compensation on the King of Naples for the imprisonment of the English engineers, Parke and Watt, but that no decision had been come to in regard to the international question which was involved in the affair.

The Conspiracy Trial.

The great object of public interest in England, London especially, is the trial of Bernard for his complicity in the Orsini plot. The Attorney-General opened the case in a very temperate speech, and the examination of the nu-

merous witnesses had terminated. A private letter says, that judging from the looks of the jury, while Edwin James, the prisoner's counsel, was holding up Louis Napoleon to the execration of the world, there can be no doubt of the prisoner's acquittal.

INDIA.

Occupation of Lucknow.

The telegram of the 19th March conveys the gratifying intelligence that all Lucknow was in the hands of the British; 117 guns had been captured and 2,000 of the sepoys slain—Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson had been rescued—nearly 50,000 of the rebels had fled in all directions, but chiefly towards Rohilund and Bundelcund. The army was in pursuit of them. Jung Bahadur, with his auxiliary force of 10,000 Ghoorkas, behaved admirably. As usual, the 42d and 93d Highlanders particularly distinguished themselves. The loss of the British was about 100. Sir Colin Campbell employs his artillery more than Indian generals have been accustomed to do, and, consequently, the small loss he suffers. Sir Hugh Rose, with a large force, had advanced upon Jhansi, and on the 21st March was within twenty-five miles of it. It is reported that 30,000 sepoys were assembled there to make a final effort. Although the revolt is over as an organized rebellion, the British have evidently some "details" to undergo. In the attack on Lucknow, Capt. Hodson, who captured the King of Delhi, had been killed. Sir Colin Campbell remained at Lucknow restoring order. The Rajah of Banpoor's Territory had been confiscated by the British. The rebels, under Lala Sahib, brother to Nens Sahib, were in great force in Bundelcund. The sepoys were now so dispirited that they had ceased to make a stand against the British, however small the force of the latter might be in comparison to their own. On the 21 March there was a false alarm in Calcutta—it arose from the excesses of some of the revellers at the Hindoo festival, the Hoolie.

The Grand Mogul.

The trial of this hoary-headed monster proceeds. Some of the evidence is terribly damning to the English authorities, who were warned over and over again of the approaching storm. Lieut. Martineau deposed reporting to the authorities various conversations he had overheard of the sepoys, but no notice was taken of his communications. The King of Oude is also in close confinement.

PERU.

The last advices from Peru are of a very exciting nature. Our readers are no doubt aware that for above a year the actual President, Castilla, has been opposed by a pretender named Vivanco. Some months ago he captured several war vessels by a *coup de main*, aided by the treachery of some of the naval officers. This enabled him to maintain his ground by seizing the revenues of the Chincha guano island. Castilla lately undertook a campaign against this disturber of the public peace, and has, by the last news, stormed the city of Arequipa, the headquarters of the rebel chief. It is reported that 3,500 men fell during the conflict. Vivanco, with the shattered remains of his forces, has fled towards the Bolivian frontier.

CHILI.

A very interesting question is being discussed in this barbarous region. The Intendente of Atacama, feeling aggrieved at some articles in a Copiapo newspaper, had the editors soundly and publicly flogged. This so enraged the people that they seized the Intendente, and were preparing to hang him, when the well-dogged editors interfered in the monster's behalf, and persuaded the maddened populace to leave them to redress their wrongs by law.

NEW GRANADA.

The Cass-Herran treaty has not yet been ratified, although there is every probability it will receive the assent of both Houses. President Ospina has written a pamphlet in its favor. The New Granadan Congress were debating a New Federal Constitution.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Yrisari treaty has been ratified. Simultaneously with this, a decree was issued granting to White, Stebbins & Co. an extension of time for opening the Transit.

Ex-President Juarez, successor to Comofort, and all his cabinet had arrived at Aspinwall. They were on their way to Vera Cruz by way of Havana, and there recommence hostilities against President Zuloaga.

SAN JUAN DEL NORTE.

Col. Schlessinger and John E. Body are busied in the Transit matter. Mr. Body is an excellent man of business. He was formerly a corn merchant in Mark Lane, London, and did an immense business with Odessa; he failed some fifteen years ago, and came to New York. He is cut out for a diplomatist.

COSTA RICA.

M. Felix Belly is at San Jose. He is charged by the French Government with some diplomatic mission, which is as great a secret as Sir Gore Ouseley's English mission.

VENEZUELA.

Two weeks later news has been received from Venezuela. General Castro, who is now at the head of affairs there, has invited General Paez and other leading exiles to return to their country. Castro has done this in the handsomest manner, having sent a commissioner to wait upon him in this city.

LATEST BY THE ARABIA.

The Arabia brings us news from Europe to the 17th.

Marshal Pelissier had arrived in England, where, on his arrival at Dover, he was received with military honors. Previous to his departure from Paris, the Emperor gave a grand dinner at the Tuileries to him, at which most of the foreign ambassadors were present. The Countess Montijo, mother to Eugenie, had arrived on a visit to Paris. The *quidnuncs* are puzzled to account for the haste of that lady's departure from Madrid, which was so abrupt as to cause her to postpone a ball she had issued cards for.

The differences between France and Switzerland have been settled, the French Government having modified its demands.

Austria is concentrating large bodies of troops on the Servian frontier. A general rising of the whole Christian population of European Turkey is imminent, owing to the faithlessness of the Turkish authorities in carrying out the treaty stipulations. The sooner the Turks are driven back into Asia the better for civilization.

The malady of the King of Prussia still continuing, it is probable a perpetual Regency will be established.

Russia has addressed a most important despatch relative to the question of the Christian subjects of the Porte. The cabinet of St. Petersburg demands that the whole question be brought before the European Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Paris. The enormities committed by the Mahometans in India have entirely changed the feeling of the British people towards the Mussulmen of the Bosphorus. Russia also protests against the isolated action of Austria.

The emancipation of the serfs is making great progress.

There was a rumor that King Bomba was about to abdicate in favor of his son, but it was considered too good to be true. He was, by the last accounts, getting a fleet ready to meet a visit from the fleet of Piedmont, which he expected, in consequence of his outrage upon the Cagliari.

From Turkey we learn that the French ambassador was about to visit Paris, to confer with the Emperor on the state of Turkey. The Turkish Government was much in want of funds.

There was some talk of a second submarine telegraph to Boston from Lisbon, via the Azores.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Anglo-Saxon and Borussia bring four days later news—the most important item being the acquittal of Simon Bernard on the 17th ult.; we have, however, only the telegraphic announcement of the fact. The evidence was so complete against him, that the "Not Guilty" resembles more the condemnation of Louis Napoleon by the old verdict of "Served him right," than any judicial expression of opinion on the prisoner's guilt. Trifling as the event may seem, it will probably lead to most important results.

Russia has announced that the reason for her collecting troops on her southern frontier is the alarming state of Turkey.

The Paris *Presse* is letting some of its gas escape by denouncing our seizure of a little rock called Navaza, situated between Jamaica and Hayti; it threatens that Brother Jonathan is to be tried before the Conference of Paris.

The Emperor has ordered the Parisian Press to abstain from all irritating remarks on the verdict, which is considered as encouraging assassination. The *Constitutionnel* says that if Mr. James's speech were published generally in France, it would be difficult to restrain national indignation.

Mr. D'Israeli had introduced his budget.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Lord Mayor of London's Dinner.

The Corporation of London gave, on the 5th of April, a dinner to Lord Derby and her Majesty's Ministers. The Lord Mayor, who is a Tory, in proposing the health of the Premier, said he had always prayed for two things; first, to be Lord Mayor of London; and secondly, to entertain Lord Derby as Premier. He had, as it were, lucky dog, killed two birds with one stone that night. He also assured the Premier that he was willing to pay any additional taxes the exigencies of the State might demand. Lord Derby, in acknowledging the toast, said that he was proud to be there that night. He then expressed his hope of reforming the Indian Government, and also the Municipal Government of the city of London. D'Israeli, in his speech, facetiously thanked his lordship for his willingness to pay increased taxation, which, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he should not forget. The Mayor has been much quizzed for his speech.

The Sultan has sent eighty Arabian horses to Queen Victoria. They have arrived at Windsor, and are placed under the care of Mr. Rarcy, who has suddenly sprung into immense notoriety, being one of the pet pivot for *Punch* to turn his caricatures upon. The commission for trying Simon Bernard for conspiracy to kill Louis Napoleon has been opened in London. Lord Campbell made a *juste milieu* charge; there was, however, a very significant dwelling upon the necessity of their being assured of the credibility of the witnesses. It is freely rumored that Rudio, who turned traitor to Orsini, is mixed up with the mysterious Waterloo Bridge murder. The *Times* coolly says that "no particular reliance ought to be given to the testimony of the witnesses brought over from France by the French Government, since no doubt they all testify with a rope round their neck!" The Prince of Wales is about to have a separate establishment. Mechi, the Razor Shop man, and famous agriculturist, has been elected Alderman for Lime street ward. Temple Bar,

connected with so many historical recollections, is about to be removed. Few gateways have so many memories hanging to them as this. The heads that have been exposed on its summits—the mighty men who have walked under it—all combine to give it a human interest.

A Melancholy Case.

The hardness with which persons in an inferior station of life judge each other is a well established fact; there has just been an instance in London, in which this has resulted in death. A hard-working, respectable widow named Marten, who had been for years laundress to Lady Corry, received a written notice from that lady's housekeeper that she was discharged from that post, and was not to come near the house again, as some linen was missing. The poor woman was in despair; she wrote to Lady Corry, requesting an interview, in order to prove her innocence. At the instigation of the housekeeper, who, no doubt, was the thief, this was refused her. In her excitement the poor woman destroyed herself. At the inquest the Coroner severely censured both Lady Corry and the housekeeper, and said that they were morally guilty of that poor woman's murder. He examined the housekeeper as a witness, when she confessed that it was only a suspicion on her part, having no direct proof. Such offences are beyond the law, but there ought to be in society sufficient moral indignation to punish these culprits.

A Hard Case.

Joseph Shepherd, whose murder of an old man on Wadsworth Moor we chronicled some weeks ago, was hanged on the 8th of April at York. He died one of the most hardened of men. On the night before his execution, when exhorted to pray, he laughed and said, "If there's to be no rest for me in the next world, I'd better get all I can in this." When told that if he did not repent he would go to hell, he said, "Never mind—I shall be all right there in the cold weather—that's six months in the year anyhow." While dressing on the scaffold he was full of fun and jokes, and facetiously added that he should knock Jack Ketch over if he got a chance! He died with great unconcern, confessing he deserved hanging, but declaring his innocence of the murder for which he suffered.

A Triple Memorial.

It is seldom that a Queen has so interesting a relic presented to her as Victoria has just received from Lady Chantrey, wife of the famous sculptor. It is a picture painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, representing a Terrier of the Pepper and Mustard breed, celebrated as Dandie Dimont's dog, given to Sir Francis Chantrey by Sir Walter Scott. In the background is Chantrey's studio, with the Chantrey woodcocks, and other memorials. Thus pleasantly are the romantic, the painter and the sculptor blended in one immortal group.

Advertising for a Wife.

Early in April a respectable elderly man was seen perambulating the streets of Spilby, and evidently looking out for some person, and as he scrutinized the bonnets it might be suspected by the shrewd that he was in search of one of the fair sex. While he was thus engaged a lady might also be seen in another street in quest of something, and as she was young and good looking the natural presumption is that it was for a husband. Tired with her walk she went into the White Hart Hotel, and sitting down in the commercial room requested the waiter to hurry up a mutton chop, telling the man that if a Mr. Wilson called to inquire after a lady he was to be shown into that room, as she was waiting for him. As she was discussing her chop the gentleman who had been searching for something came in, and after ordering a glass of brandy and water told the waiter that if a Mrs. Wilson called to show her in, as he was waiting for her. At that magic word the fair mutton chop looked at him—the brandy and water looked at her, and then the spirit and the flesh both looked at each other. "I am waiting for Mr. Wilson," quoth the daughter of Eve. "I am waiting for Mrs. Wilson," replied the son of Adam. "Ten," they both cried in a breath, "it is not at all unlikely we are waiting for each other!" It appears that their meeting was the result of a matrimonial advertisement.

London University.

The Queen has granted a new charter to the London University, and also the privilege of issuing a new diploma called the Doctorship of Science.

Railroad Statistics.

From the 1st January to the 31st December, 1857, there occurred on all the railroads in the United Kingdom forty-five accidents—forty-one to passenger trains, and four to goods trains. The casualties were forty-five killed, and 349 injured. There is something very suggestive in the difference between the accidents to life and luggage trains. The cause is, of course, in the speed.

The Dangers of Railroad Travelling.

In a trial for breach of promise some few days since in England, the frightful perils susceptible bachelors endure while travelling in an unprotected state were vividly exemplified. It appears that a young sinner, named Thomas Owen Davis, whose initials are, by-the-by, T.O.D., went on a visit to his relations in Carmarthen, Wales, preparatory to marrying a young lady to whom he was affianced. Unfortunately for his betrothed bride—a most estimable young lady, by all accounts, who in addition to virtue, beauty and an amiable disposition, possessed a quantity of second-hand furniture in excellent condition, together with a brass teakettle, highly polished, a little money, and a number of silver spoons—unfortunately for this *fiancé*, in the same car with the fickle T.O.D. there rode a young lady, who won his susceptible heart by the following ingenious plan, as stated in a letter the faithless knight unblushingly wrote his deserted Dulcinea: "In the same train I met with a young lady, the kindest I ever saw in all my life—never had I received from any woman such tenderness—she treated me with all the delicacies she had provided for herself, and pressed her ham sandwiches almost into my mouth, while now and then she held a little bottle of fine sherry wine she had with her to my lips, which proved of effectual benefit to my pining spirit." On his return she found that the ham sandwiches and sherry wine had done the business, for he refused to accept the lady with the second-hand furniture, &c. She therefore brought an action against him, and got damages. Such susceptible men should ride in the baggage cars!

Charles Dickens.

This great prose Shakespeare read his Christmas Carol at St. Martin's Hall on the 15th April, for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. It is his intention to read selections from his numerous works for his own benefit during the London season. He is so excellent a reader that we can conceive no pleasure superior to hearing the creator of Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller giving them a human utterance. There is a great deal of these characters in the wonderful *Boz*.

Chit-chat.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria will pay a visit to Berlin, to see her daughter during the present summer.

The Emperor Napoleon proposes to spend 180,000,000 of francs in the embellishment of Paris, or equal to 37,000,000 of dollars.

The Queen of Spain is again *enchantée*. As her husband is a confirmed *impotent*, ill-natured people doubt its legitimacy.

The contemplated exhibition of 1861 in London will not be a repetition of that of 1851, but consist of works selected for their excellence, and arranged in classes instead of countries.

Lord John Russell is busied on a new and enlarged edition of the life of Lord William Russell. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is lecturing. The house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born is to be pulled down, and a Scientific College erected on its site. The Queen is about visiting Birmingham. The Prince of Wales has been confirmed. There is no truth that the Princess Alice is to be betrothed to the Prince of Orange. There are 20,000 men now in the camp at Aldershot, and the number is to be increased. England seems determined not to be caught napping as she was in the commencement of the Russian war. Some inquisitive fellow has discovered a new asteroid, being the fifty-third. These little planets are becoming quite a drug in that starry market, the sky. The French Government are having a large number of revolvers made. The fortifications on South Sea Common, Portsmouth, are being heavily armed. Lola Montes is announced to sing at a *café chantant*, in Paris, being engaged for the year. This is, of course, not the real "Simon Pure." A mackerel boat in one night caught 7,900 fish, realising £170 sterling. This miraculous draught happened off Plymouth. The Parisian papers have been forbidden to print extracts from the Emperor's works. He has a keen idea of copyright.

Art Intelligence.

The Haymarket manager has produced Mr. Tom Taylor's three act drama, "An Unequal Match." Buckstone's *Doc* and Compton's *Blenkinsop* are specially admired. Frank Talfourd's "Pluto and Prosperpine" is having a great run, perhaps owing to the highly flavored dancing, which has provoked much comment. One moral journal, savagely virtuous, says the length to which short petticoats are carried will soon make the lower and higher parts meet. At the Princess's Theatre Charles Keen is playing *Mephistopheles* in "Faust and Marguerite." The *Marguerite* of Carlotta Leclercq is noticed as a monstrous piece of fine acting. Mr. Sterling Coyne has produced a new piece called "Samuel in Search of Himself." The Sir Paul Pounce of Harley is much commended. Webster has revived "The Poor Strouler," and the "Culph of Bagdad," with Boldieu's music, at the Adelphi. Miss Swanborough has opened the Strand Theatre with a new burlesque on "Fra Diavolo." The new Music Hall, St. James's, has been inaugurated by Benedetti, who gave a concert entirely made up from Beethoven. The acoustic properties of this fine building are undoubted. It was a great success. Sadlers Wells is revelling in opera for a short season, and the other theatres are in their Easter fever of novelties.

On Tuesday, the 13th of April, the London Opera season was opened by the performance of the "Huguenots" at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the event was made still more interesting by the appearance of two *debutantes*, Madame Titiens from Vienna, and Mademoiselle Landl from Turin. Of the latter lady the press is doubtful. It must, however, be remembered that the part of the page depends upon the first act, and some of the papers speak of Mdlle. Landl's nervousness as being excessive. We therefore wait further accounts. Madame Titiens made a great impression; indeed, one critic says she was grandly successful. Her acting is also spoken of highly. At the end of the third act the enthusiasm of the audience became excessive. The Royal Italian Opera was to open on the 15th. Mr. Gye has certainly a fine company—Grisi, Bosie, Mdlle. Parepa, and Miss Balfie; for baritones, Konconi and Graziani; for basses, Formes; for tenors, Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni and Neri Baraldi. It is announced that Mario will appear as Don Giovanni, and Tamberlik as Don Otavio.

FRANCE.

Cotton the King.

The French Government now gives annually twenty thousand francs to the planter in Algeria who raises the most cotton; and an English manufacturer has agreed to take all of that article raised there. Four thousand acres are now under cultivation in the provinces of Oran and Constantine.

Perim and Algiers.

The French papers have been for some weeks harping upon the seizure of the

Island of Perim by the British. Perim is an Island in the mouth of the Red Sea, which commands the channel as much as a tooth does in a human mouth. It nominally did belong to the Turkish Empire, but was never occupied except by a few birds, fishermen, and now and then a few pirates. The French papers say now that the Conference of Paris ought to protect Turkey from being disintegrated, upon which the London *Times* says, when France restores Algeria England will talk about giving up Perim. Peachum and Lockit over again.

Orsini's Widow.

Like all superhuman patriots, Orsini does not appear to have been a model husband, since he has left for some three or four years his wife to support herself by keeping a school at a little Italian village. This lady came to Paris to see her doomed husband, and has returned to her home with the sum of 25,000 francs, subscribed for her in Paris, principally by the English residents. The subscription for the two daughters of the departed conspirator amounts, it is said, to nearly a million of francs. We cannot help thinking there is some error in the statement.

George Sand.

This celebrated lady, otherwise Madame de Dudevant, whose genius and immorality have for twenty years given her a peculiar flavor to the public taste, has gone the way of all such erratic creatures. She has become disgusted with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and retired into a convent, to tell her beads and confess her peccadilloes.

Prince Napoleon.

Prince Napoleon has abandoned his intention of visiting Egypt. He is now in Florence with his father Prince Jerome, whose health is so precarious a state as to render his decease probable at any moment. He is the last of the Bonaparte brothers.

Literary Labor at a Discount.

Literary work has grown so scarce in Paris that the most popular authors are now writing by the line. One of these, when called upon the other day for a contribution to a popular journal, pointed to the three drawers of his bureau, and said honestly, in reply to the question of his price, "Take anything you like from any one of those drawers—the top one six sous a line, the middle one eight, and the lower one ten." The visitor deputed by the journal could say as he was bidden—took a *rouveau* from the drawer at six sous, and walked off with it under his arm, without even looking at the subject, actuated merely by the cheapness of the article. The contribution has since appeared and become highly popular.

A Managerial Dodge.

A glaring imposture has been detected in a performance at the circus in Paris, which has for months been drawing crowds of spectators. A man who called himself "l'homme canon" was supposed to sustain on his shoulder, as on a gun carriage, what seemed to be a piece of ordnance of the calibre of a ten-pounder, which, loaded with a full charge of powder, was discharged within a few inches of his ear. The shouts of applause at the explosion were instantaneous, but to the professional ear there was a want of sufficient simultaneity between the flash and the report. To the professional eye there was also an absence of recoil which a full charge must create. It now appears that a mere Roman candle was shot from the gun, while immediately under the stage a tin box, crammed with powder, was made to explode among sand-bags, while the smoke circled round the intrepid performer.

BELGIUM.

The Barber's Wife and the Suicide.

The *Independence* of Brussels tells a curious 1st of April hoax: "An elegantly dressed stranger, of very gentlemanly bearing, entered last Thursday a hairdresser's shop, and requested to be shaved. As the hairdresser was engaged at the time, his wife stepped forward to perform the operation. When she had nearly concluded, the stranger snatched the razor from her hand, and drawing it across his throat in a frantic manner, inflicted what appeared to be a most frightful wound. The napkin round his neck was covered with blood, and giving a deep groan he sank on the chair, with his head resting on his bosom, as though breathing his last. At the sight of this act all gave a cry of horror, the hairdresser's wife fell into a swoon, and a person in the shop ran off for a surgeon. When the medical man and the police appeared, to the astonishment of all, the dying man jumped up, threw the blood-stained napkin on the floor, showed his throat, which was free from the slightest scratch, smiled benevolently on all, put on his cravat, laid down a franc, and with a polite bow to the electrified group, departed, humming 'Partant pour Syrie.' It turns out that this facetious amateur suicide is a famous conjurer, who is drawing crowded houses in Brussels by a variety of such ingenious and pleasant tricks as cutting his own throat, and picking pockets at the same time." In an English paper of the same date, strange enough, we find this: "Signor Bosco, the well-known Wizard, was on Saturday brought before the magistrates at Manchester, charged with attempting self-destruction on the previous day by throwing himself into a pool of water. The signor explained to the magistrate that he lived very unhappily with his wife, owing to her jealous temper, and that he was only trying on a new trick to frighten her into better behavior. On promising not to do so again, he was discharged."

PRUSSIA.

The Princess Frederick William, late Princess Royal, has been advised to discontinue her horse exercise. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The greatest activity prevails in the military circles, and there is an increased cordiality between the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna.

AUSTRIA.

The Melodrama of Fact.

Byron said that truth was stranger than fiction. We feel inclined to pronounce the following stranger than even truth. If it were not in a newspaper, we should feel inclined to doubt it. As Otto Baumer, a farmer of Orsinovi, near Vienna, was returning from market, he stopped at a roadside public-house, and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum of money which he had received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a dagger, stole into the farmer's chamber, intending to murder him; but the farmer, conceiving a suspicion from some whispering he saw between the innkeeper and his son, kept his clothes on; and when the midnight robber entered the room he sprang upon him, and wrested the dagger from his grasp; a deadly struggle ensued, and in self-defence the farmer killed the innkeeper. A few minutes afterwards the farmer heard some pebbles thrown against the window, and a voice, which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, saying, "The grave is all ready!" The farmer thereupon wrapped the dead body in a sheet, and hurled it out of the window to the young man outside. He then quietly escaped at the door, and ran to the police authorities, when he told what had happened. Three of the officers immediately returned with him to the inn, and found the young man busily engaged in shovelling earth into a grave. "What are you burying?" said one of them. "Only a horse that has just died," returned the other. "You are mistaken," said another, and jumping into the grave he raised the corpse; pulling back the sheet off it, he then threw the light of the lantern on the dead man's face. "Heaven!" cried the innkeeper's son, "it is my father!" He then confessed all, and was taken to prison, where he now awaits his trial.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

A Nuptial Gift.

At the recent marriage of a prince and princess in one of the German States, we read of the following primitive custom being still in use: "Six young ladies, chosen from the best families, waited on the newly married couple, to offer the customary gifts. The first presented the princess with a basket containing a loaf of bread and salt, surrounded with a wreath of flowers; the second bore in her hand a basket containing a pair of white pigeons, and another with fruit; the third and fourth, baskets of vegetables; grown for the occasion—asparagus, cauliflowers and kale; the fifth presented one basket containing a hen, and another with eggs sprinkled with violets; and the sixth carried, as her present, a basket with fruit, and a dish with butter, tastefully arranged in different shapes. The princess received the presents with great pleasure, taking each basket from the hands of the fair donors. Other deputations followed, and the day was closed with a torch procession."

A French Miracle.

We read in a French paper of an extraordinary piece of superstition now existing in the neighborhood of Lourdes (Hautes Pyrenées): "A young girl of fourteen, named Bernadette Savi, the daughter of a day-laborer, pays an early visit every morning to a grotto in which springs forth a gush of water, forming a rivulet, not far from the banks of the Gave. This girl affirms that the Virgin Mary has appeared to her, and ordered that every morning for a fortnight she should pray in the grotto for the space of half an hour. A vast number of persons accompany her in her visits, believing fully in the truth of her assertion. At first when she kneels down she is represented as being pale, and almost convulsed; but as her communication with the Virgin proceeds, her features become calm and radiant. We understand not less than five thousand persons are present each morning near the grotto, but the authorities begin to disapprove of such assemblages."

Byron's First Love.

The Glasgow *Herald*, after mentioning the death of Mrs. Mary Duff, widow of Mr. Robert Cockburn, says: "We believe this lady, whose husband was a brother of the late Lord Cockburn, was Lord Byron's first love. The noble poet mentions, in one of his letters, that when a little boy, residing with his mother in Aberdeen, he and Mary Duff used to walk together under charge of their female attendants, and that the feeling he then cherished towards her was the first dawn of that passion which in more mature years glowed with such world-wide intensity. His famous 'Mary,' Miss Chaworth, to whom he addressed that impassioned poem, the 'Dream,' died more than twenty years since. No wonder Byron, in another poem, writes, 'I have a passion for the name of Mary.' We remember Leigh Hunt telling us that, when in Italy, on Lord Byron's one day receiving the English papers, he was observed while glancing over them to become pale and agitated. Captain Williams (who shared the same melancholy fate as Shelley), inquired the cause, fearing a sudden indisposition had seized him. The poet replied 'it was but a passing faintness,' and joined once more in the conversation. When, however, after dinner he became excited with wine, he referred to it, and told his friends it was occasioned by seeing in the *Times* an account of the marriage of this Mary Duff, his first and only love."

Civilized Dead Heads.

At Battle Creek, Mich., the other evening, two gentlemen and a lady—one of the real *skit* expanders—got aboard the cars for Chicago. One gentleman and his wife had through tickets, while the other paid his fare only to the first station. From certain manifestations, George Wandler, the conductor, who is

keen on scent, concluded it was the intention of the trio to dead head one of the party through. On arriving at Augusta the gentleman did not get out, and on search being made he was found secreted in the ladies' saloon. He was brought forth, and directed to leave the train at the next station, but on arriving there he was not to be found. After a long and diligent search, in which everybody had become interested, it was concluded that he had jumped off the train while in motion. Speculation was then rife as to his fate, when a gentleman sitting near the lady of big dimensions, hinted that those hoops might there be a tale unfolded. On producing a light four feet were seen protruding from her petticoats, which it was unreasonable to suppose belonged to one person, and the lady was requested to rise, which she did after some hesitation, revealing the lost passenger. When will our ladies discontinue these absurdities? for all fashions carried to excess become absurd and disgusting.

The Bronte Tablet.

We learn with considerable pleasure that a marble tablet is to be erected in the church at Haworth, to the memory of the deceased members of the Bronte family. The tablet, both in design and execution, reflects great credit on the sculptor. The groundwork is of dove-colored marble, and the tablet itself of purest white statuary marble.

Heart Sculptors.

A writer has drawn an admirable parallel between the work of a sculptor in forming his clay, and that of a man in moulding the heart. "Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it, put in the due touches, and bring out the features and expressions. It is a work of time, but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man, under the leading of the spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul; habits of love, purity and truth, habits of falsehood, malice and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the evil one."

Woman's Rights.

We observe in an English paper the female artists have decided on maintaining their "rights" by opening an exhibition for their exclusive use. We give a few remarks it has called forth. "Why a society of female artists? In the field of art, as in that of poetry, one would think that the two sexes might hold their ground on equal terms without any fear of unfair dealing. In all ages we find scattered through the annals of art names of female artists, who have maintained a respectable rank and stood comparison with the masters of their age. Then why this exclusive exhibition of art—this petticoat republic? And what would the fair members think if, in revenge, the gentlemen were to interdict them from their premises? Now, whilst we see no reason to apprehend anything so ungallant as what we have just suggested, we must state that we very much question the existence of any necessity for this movement of the female artists, and more than doubt its producing any good results to themselves or to the arts generally. However, the ladies must have their own way, and will have it in spite of all argument."

Escaped the Sepoys.

Every female heart must glow with pleasure at hearing that several ladies who were at Lucknow during the siege, have arrived in safety at Southampton—one with her three children. What heartfelt joy must have been theirs at being again united to their relatives.

A Little Too Solemn.

The Worcester *Chronicle* gives the following: "In one of our rural churches, much frequented by bachelors who wish to be converted into Benedicts, and spinners who desire to change single blessedness for holy matrimony, a young couple were being joined in the bonds of wedlock, when just as the final pledge was about to be exchanged, one of the company smiled and set the rest a giggling, whereupon the officiating clergyman laid down his book, disrobed and left the church, leaving the parties who had so nearly been made man and wife no alternative but to go home and console themselves for their disappointment over the wedding feast." We guess such clergymen would not do here.

Algiers Women.

Women of all ranks, when in the public streets of Algiers, steal along like ghosts, covered with white calico or muslin from head to foot, and with thick white veils across their faces; but at home their costume is rich and brightly-colored. We will describe one. An amber-colored silk handkerchief is tied round the head, and over it is a band of diamonds, with pendants, and large diamond ear-rings. One or two fresh flowers are stuck in on one side of the face. Strings of pearls, and of scented beads mixed with pearls, are round the neck, and also a long string of large scented beads. Over an embroidered muslin chemise is a green satin jacket, embroidered with silver at the seams, and with silver buttons. A scarf of silk and gold is loosely wound round the waist, below which peeps out an inner dress of white muslin embroidered with pink. Loose trousers of blue and gold brocade reach to just below the knee, where they terminate with a band of gold round the leg. Gold bracelets and anklets complete the attire.

Died of Thin Shoes.

It is to be lamented that American ladies either cannot or will not see how fatally injurious is their habit of walking in such very thin shoes or gaiters, at the present season, especially when the weather is so uncertain.

We learn from an exchange, that in a New Jersey graveyard there is the inscription, "Died of Thin Shoes," and we fear such might be the honest and veracious epitaph on thousands of tombstones that wear a widely different one. Our city ladies are far more careful about the costliness and elegance than the sense and utility of their apparel, forgetful that by this recklessness they barter health—the most precious boon we have—and beauty (for beauty is not long the companion of ill-health) for the vain gratification of having themselves complimented on the littleness of their feet.

It is, however, cheering to find that we have a few sensible women left. Instance the following from an exchange:

"A few weeks since a lady of our village ordered at a shoe store a pair of calf boots—'just such as the men wear'—to use through the spring weather. When reminded by the lady friend with her, that she would make a noise and disturb the congregation in entering church with her thick boots, she replied she thought it better to make a little noise in entering church than to sit and cough throughout the entire service, thereby disturbing the whole assembly."

We should suggest another method—taking her seat at church previous to the commencement of the service.

Saved from Ruin.

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"I am ruined—I am beggared—I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brains were in a whirl.

"All?" said his wife. "I am left!"

"All, papa?" said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'm not lost, papa!" repeated little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother.

"And you have your health left," said his wife.

"And your two hands to work with, papa," said his eldest; "and I can help you."

"And your two feet, papa, to carry you about; and your two eyes to see with, papa," chimed in another.

"God forgive me!" said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost my all! What are the few thousand which I call my own, to these more precious things which God has left me!" And he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart, and resolved to begin work again with renewed hope.

AN ESQUIMAUX LEGEND.

In ages past, according to the Esquimaux, a young chief of their tribe, full of talent and genius, climbed, by means of wings, into the heavens, and there reached the sun—not by any means then the glorious orb of day that *now* it is. He took fire with him from the earth, and this, communicating easily with the peculiar formation of the sun, rendered it the brilliant object we see at this day in the skies. But this is not all. Their legend goes on to say that, descending from the sun, he took with him, on his second departure from terra firma, a young Esquimaux, with whom, during his honey-moon, he lived in that happiness which usually is supposed to fall to the lot of newly-joined couples, whether in the icy north or in the sunny south. Quarrels, however, ensued. (Possibly, the lady may have wanted to have seen life, and life in the sun, with one man only, might not have been so full of fun and delight as she had imagined previous to leaving literally the land of her birth.)

These quarrels grew more frequent and of greater import; and one day our lady disappeared, having possessed herself of her companion's means of flight, as also some of the fire. She sped through the air and alighted on the surface of the moon (had she heard the English tale of the *Man in the Moon*?) and forthwith commenced a lighting up this orb also. The mildness of the light of the moon, compared with that of the sun, is to be attributed, it is apprehended, to the small quantity of fire with which she absconded, or to the less easy nature of Lady Luna to receive light. No sooner did our Esquimaux from his far-off brighter region descry this lesser light in the heavens than he started in full pursuit, sun and all, to capture his former sun-mate; and ever and ever since, has he continued to pursue his "woman in the moon"—oftentimes, at eclipse times, coming very near, as the Esquimaux say, but, still baffled, he continues his moon chase.

"WHAT is that dog barking at?" asked a fep, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."



INTERVIEW OF HEINRICH WITH HIS SISTER MARGUERITE.

THE DEAD LADY'S RING.

(Commenced in our last Number, which can be had from all News-Agents.)

CHAPTER II.—THE PAVILION BRUTUS.

THE *Conciergerie*! With what frightful associations the very name came wafted into the ears of men in the days we speak of, history has abundantly set forth in a certain volume, written throughout in blood, and, happily, concluded in that of its own chief authors. A few days of hopeless despondency, or it might be of feverish gaiety—a mock trial, which was only an additional engine of torture—then the last glimpse of earth and sky over a long vista of unlighted faces paled with the show—such were, on the whole, the happiest anticipations which could present themselves to the mind of one immured within those dismal walls; for it had, ere now, happened that its treacherous gates had been thrown open to the assassin, less merciful than the executioner, and the unhappy prisoners had crowded to the gratings of their windows, not to spy out a means of escape, but to observe in what manner Death might most rapidly, and with the least possible pain, put an end to their sufferings. Full of these and similar gloomy fancies, Heinrich Seeman lay tossing all night upon his miserable straw pallet, and it was not till morning that he found himself sufficiently composed to reflect upon what had befallen him. He had been betrayed, that was clear! An accusation had been trumped up against him—nothing was easier than to frame such a charge in the good year Two of the new era—with the view of getting rid of one who might prove an inconvenient witness. That the charge proceeded from the unknown murderers who had pressed him into their service the night before, there could not be a doubt. But his father—what reason could they have had for including him? Was it not more likely that the mention of his own name had suggested the *mise en arrestation* of the latter? Confused with attempting to solve these and other mysteries, Heinrich was about to give himself up, from sheer exhaustion, to sleep, when his eyes were caught by an unusual sight—a precious stone glistening on his little finger. At first, in his half-waking state, he tried to account with his recollections, and to recall by what means the solitary jewel had escaped the fate of his other trinkets, and remained outside that *Conciergerie* for valuable, the *Mont de Piété*. Then suddenly remembering the means by which he had become possessed of it, he sat bolt upright on his pallet, and proceeded to examine it more closely by the feeble glimpse of daylight, which began to struggle through a grating at the foot of his bed.

It was a gold ring—most probably meant for the middle finger of a lady, for it fitted his own little finger to a nicety—mounted with the bright yellow stone known as the topaz. On this was engraved the figure of a lion, by way of crest, surmounted by some letters of a strange character, resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics. Across the stone, and dividing it into two nearly equal portions, lay a thin strip or band of gold, of that compass-like shape known in heraldry as the “bar sinister.” As he was examining it he happened to touch a secret spring, and the stone flying open, showed behind it a box or locket, containing a tiny gold key. “At any rate,” thought the doctor, “here are some data to base an inquiry upon, in case the opportunity should ever present itself to me.” As this latter contingency did not seem, at the moment, a very probable one—to speak to the jailer on the subject would have been like speaking to the stone walls which he guarded—Heinrich had nothing better for it than to close the locket, replace the ring on his finger, and seek oblivion from his present cares in sleep.

For three days the young doctor remained imprisoned in a solitary dungeon, visited only by the jailer aforesaid, and half inclined to cheat the sovereign people of their show by a voluntary abstinence from the ration of mouldy bread and ditch water which was set before him. He knew enough of the prison regulations then in force to be aware that accused persons, and even those condemned by the tribunal, were for the most part permitted to mix freely together up to the last moment, and he could not but consider his separate confinement as due to the same mysterious agency which had brought him into his present peril. Still, a superstitious belief in his good genius did not desert the unfortunate captive, and it was, perhaps, owing to the horoscopes, and the observations drawn from the stars in happier days, that he did not at this crisis avail himself of the knife, or the other means of self-destruction which did not appear to be withheld from him. On the fourth day he was startled by the entrance into his cell of a government official, who announced to him that his trial was removed to Strasburg, whither a vehicle, protected by a guard of three soldiers, was in waiting to convey him. Here was certainly a new and almost unprecedented feature in his case, which set him thinking.

“*Ma foi*, then!” he could not help exclaiming, “they are making a great man of me, these citizen rulers of ours, to take the trouble of keeping my head on my shoulders for a journey of a hundred leagues and more. A guard of honor, too! Courage, I shall, at all events, make my entry into my native city *en prince*!”

“*Que sais-je?* I execute my orders, that is all. It is no doubt expected that, confronted with your accomplices in that hotbed of counter-revolution, you will be compelled to make more certain revelations of the plans of the *émigrés*, and the movements of the enemy on the banks of the Rhine.”

With a somewhat lighter heart than had throbbled in his bosom during the last seventy-two hours, the young doctor stepped into the vehicle which was to bear him away. At all events, there were some ten days of God’s fair sunlight, of the bracing air, of hill and dale and country prospects—to say the least, ten whole days of life, with his head still firmly seated on his shoulders—lying before him. His companions were three old soldiers, faithful servants of the convention, and the committee of public safety—honest fellows enough apart from their prejudices, and who, viewing him in the light of a political convict on his way to a justly-merited punishment, were yet inclined to treat him with humane watchfulness. Very often at the inns where they stopped on their way, the three guardians and their prisoner feasted and drank in a right merry fashion together,

and Heinrich found the hundred écus, which he kept secreted about him, of great service on these occasions. He remarked that one at least of the trio always remained sober at a time; this irksome duty being taken turn and turn about, so as not to press too heavily on any single individual. There was consequently no opportunity for escape. Widely different from this conduct was that of the population which assembled at various places to witness their passage, and the prisoner had more than once reason to tremble at the sight of the angry visages—not to speak of the blood-stained pikes and rusty muskets, which were directed towards him. He was not sorry, when, on the eighth day of their journey, the distant spire of the cathedral rose tapering from the plain; nor, indeed, is his the only case where the scaffold has come to be looked upon as, relatively, not an uncomfortable anchorage-place from the Scylla and Charybdis of a popular mob, and the stroke of the executioner upon the whole a friendly stroke, when compared with the less artistic performance to be expected from an unprofessional quarter.

At Strasburg he was immediately lodged in prison, and in the same separate confinement that he had undergone in Paris. His inquiries after his family were attended with no result; the solitary jailer with whom he came in contact knowing, or pretending to know nothing on the subject. After a few days he was brought to trial before the local tribunal, and condemned to death, with a batch of twenty fellow-prisoners (the majority of whom had never before set eyes on each other) for a common conspiracy against the Republic one and indivisible. The affair was managed with such rapidity as to cause the doctor to declare, in later days, that if called upon to give an account of his own trial, he should find himself limited to a description of the chamber, or a short portrait of the personal appearance of the judge. A brief paper was read—half a dozen witnesses deposed to imaginary facts, in an inaudible tone—the remarks of the accused were instantly drowned in an indignant uproar from the body of the hall—some stereotyped form filled up in a large blank book; whereupon the president adjourned to dinner, and the prisoners were informed that their journey to the next world was appointed for the following morning at 11 A.M. It was in this manner that justice was meted out to offenders in the year Two of the Republic one and indivisible.

Although the name of Strasburg yields, in melancholy associations, to those of Nantes, Lyons, Marseilles and other towns of the Republic, yet it is not to be supposed that the drama of the Revolution was acted out there without scenes of blood and cruelty which at any other time would have fixed the attention of the world. Wherever a city was delivered into the hands of a servant of the convention, gloomy fanatic, or monster thirsting for more carnage, there were sure to be repeated the same *noyades*, fusillades and massacres, to a greater or less extent, according to the material to be worked upon, and, if such an expression may be permitted—according to the “stage-properties” at the disposal of the tyrant. Two such persons, uniting between them both characters, the fanatic St. Just and the tiger Lebas, had obtained Strasburg for their share, and they boasted that one-third of its inhabitants had been put to death by their joint agency. But their foreman in the bloody work—the inferior minister and superintendent of their vengeance—was a wretch who has somehow escaped the pillory of history, and who was named Baudet.

This patriot united to his other gentlemanly tastes a great love of variety, and was often plunged into a state of agreeable embarrassment, caused by his endeavors to invent some new method for disposing of his victims. Our hero, even in his seclusion in Paris, knew enough of what was passing in all the great cities, not to be surprised at any fate which might await him. He accordingly learnt with composure, on the morning after his sentence, that the orders for the erection of the guillotine had been countermanded. Some other form of death was to be adopted for the conspirators *due* on that day—perhaps a fusillade, possibly a mitraille with cannon—in short, it was not quite certain what citizen Baudet had arranged, and, of his great ingenuity, precontrived for the popular relaxations of the day.

“As well die one way as another,” said the young doctor to himself, philosophically. “In all probability, the first discharge will do the business; if not, the soldiers, who are, after all, not such bad fellows, will rush in and finish one promptly with their sabres. At least, so I have always read in the accounts of these matters.” He could not help, however, shedding many bitter tears at the thought of his family, of whom he had been unable, despite all his bribes to the jailer, to obtain the slightest information. Possibly, this very ignorance in which he was kept was another of Citizen Baudet’s ingenious devices; and if so, it reflected great credit on its inventor. The bitterness of death was thereby increased tenfold to the unhappy prisoner. In the presence of this absorbing grief, all recollection of the mysterious scene at which he had assisted in Paris some fortnight before faded from his mind. To whom indeed could he have revealed what he knew?—or, in any case, where would be the use in proffering evidence which would be treated as the effect

of delirium, and before the setting of the next sun would be for ever buried in the tomb?

At eleven o’clock in the forenoon he was led out into the courtyard, where he found his companions of the day before already assembled. To these were soon added a batch of some twenty others, among whom were several women. The appearance of these unfortunates was pitiable in the extreme: there were faces upon which Queens had once looked with favor, now sallowd by long confinement, dirty, half-concealed by the long-matted hair, and the beard of a week’s growth; sunken cheeks and blood-shot, staring eyes; rags of what once was finery fluttering upon shrunken limbs; if they had been set upon the stage in the middle of a melodrama the audience would, perhaps, have hesitated between a laugh and a shudder. Yet the expressions of many among them bore the marks of a noble heroism, faithful even to death. Some shouted “*Vive le Roi!*” others, animated with the same sentiment, waved their hats in the air for the last time before submitting to be bound by the soldiery. They were tied together in parties of three and four, and marched under a strong escort out of the city gates, and down the great southern road leading to Colmar. Chance had given Heinrich for his right-hand companion a white-haired man, bowed down by age and covered with tatters, but who carried, even in his present guise, an air of distinction not to be mistaken. He tottered feebly along, partly from infirmity, partly as it seemed from the effects of a wound, and some of the more brutal among the soldiers amused themselves with pricking him onward with the points of their sabres. Still the old French gaiety did not desert him, and he contrived so far to use his hands as to fish up from some indescribable corner of his rags which might, perhaps, have once represented a pocket, large pinches of snuff, from which he appeared to derive a wonderful degree of consolation.

“It is hard, sir,” said Heinrich, addressing him, “to see an old man like you, whom one would wish to picture to oneself sitting in his quiet home with his grandchildren at his knee, marched out to an ignominious death amidst the brutalities of such wretches as these behind us.”

“Quite the contrary, my dear young friend. Quite the contrary, *foi de gentilhomme*. It is you who have cause of complaint, as it seems to me. What are they filching from me, I should like to know? A few years of gout, and querulousness, and second childhood—bah! I forgive the rogues the petty theft. But you, my dear sir, they are plundering you of what I no longer have to give them. They are robbing you of a whole lifetime. The affair is a serious one, I promise you, and in your place I should be inclined to feel *diablement* offended—supposing always it were of the slightest use to feel one thing or other about the matter.”

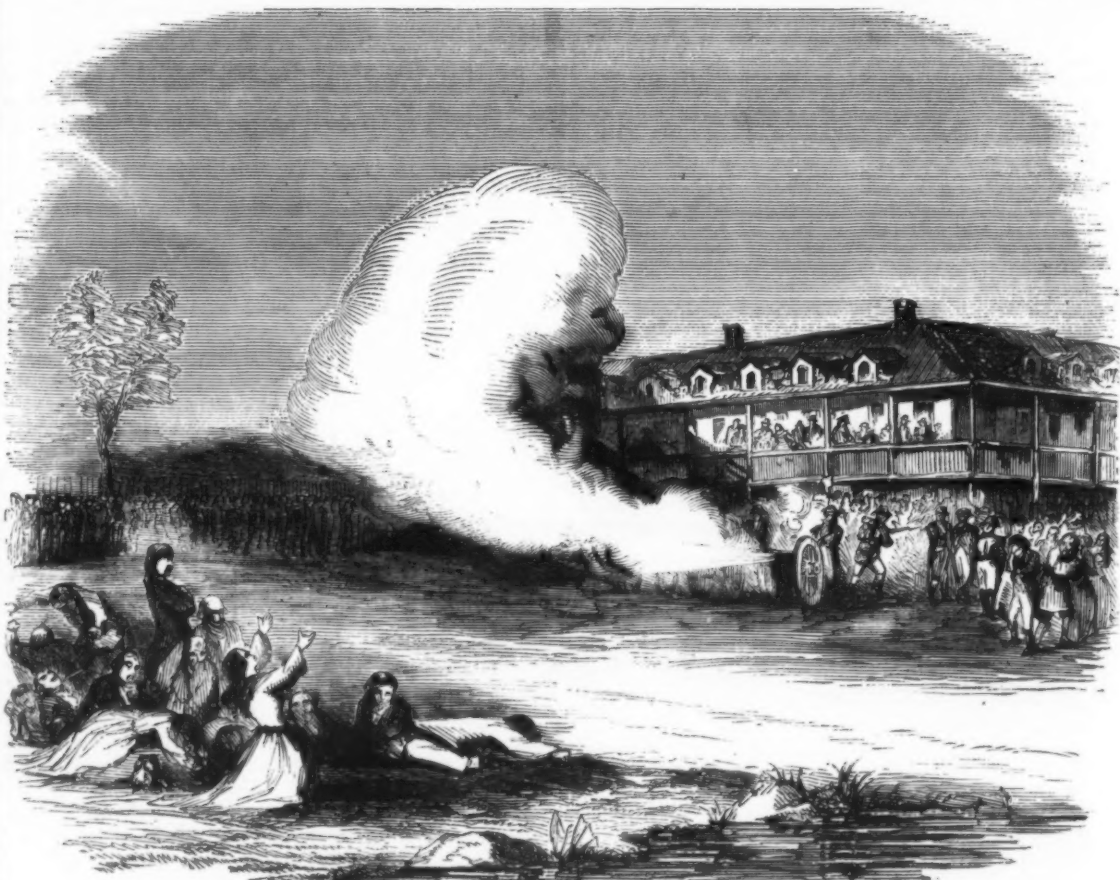
Notwithstanding his own frightful position, the doctor could not help smiling at his companion’s vivacity of manner. “You appear to have received some injury in the leg, sir,” said he, “which renders you unable to get on quite as quickly as our friends here would desire. I wish I could offer you my arm—but mine, you see, is not at this moment absolutely at my disposal.”

“Thanks, *mon ami*. Thanks, all the same for your good intentions. A wound—yes, I received one at a battle which was fought a great many years ago, and which was called Fontenoy. A cannon-ball struck me, and now—what was it they used to teach us at school about ‘*similia similibus*’?—well, my cure is about to come from the same source. My friends!” exclaimed the old man, looking over his shoulder, “you might spare me those hints from the tips of your weapons. I used to move faster than I can now, when their points were before me, and the enemies of France looked me in the face.”

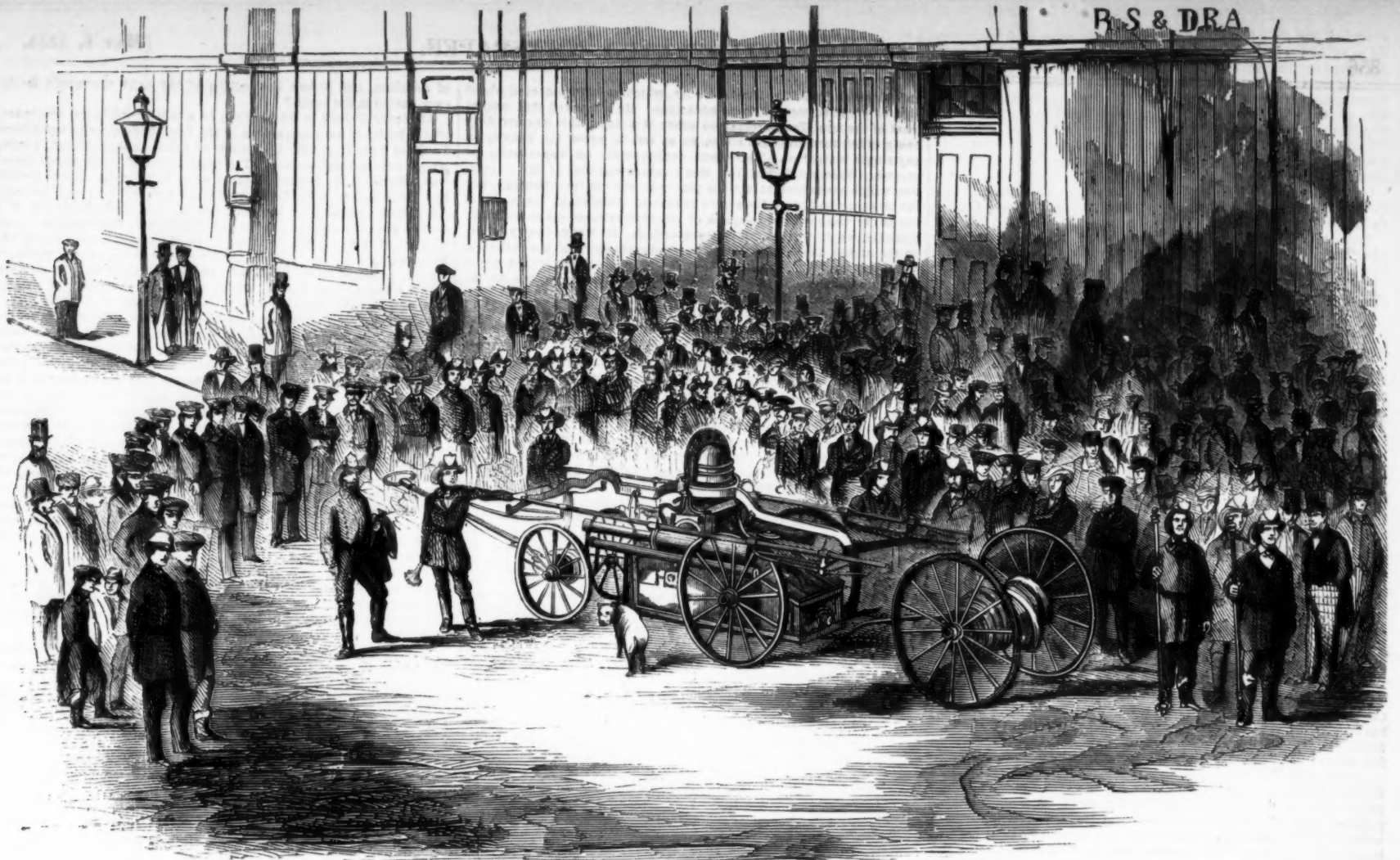
A burst of savage laughter greeted the old man’s remark. The procession had by this time reached a plain or open field, skirting the river. In the centre was a kind of pleasure-house on a large scale, surrounded by wooden galleries, whose painted walls and numerous windows shone gaily in the morning sun. In the interior of this pavilion festivities of some sort appeared to be going on. There were glimpses of cooks in white cap and apron, bearing steaming dishes before them, and of waiters perspiring to and fro; while a band of musicians, in front of the pilastered doors were tuning up their instruments. Disposed around the building, in the form of a semi-circle, was a vast crowd, with which the crowd that had accompanied them from the prison gates began to mingle. When they had arrived within one hundred paces of this pavilion, the order was given to halt, and the soldiers who formed their escort piled their arms.

“This place is new to me,” said Heinrich, again addressing his companion. “In my boyhood the ruins of an old abbey used to stand here—now, they seem to have built a pleasure-house on the spot; no bad change, I dare say, if one could only see it under more favorable circumstances. But why do they make us stop here, monsieur? Are they going to treat us to a parting bottle, as I have read somewhere that the English do to their condemned criminals on their road to the place they call Tyburn?”

“*Mon camarade*,” replied the old man, with a shrug of the



MITRAILLADE OF THE CONDEMNED BEFORE THE PAVILION BRUTUS.



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shoulders, "it seems to me that you have much to learn, though your time, indeed, is not very long to learn it in. This is the 'Pavilion Brutus,' the new pleasure garden specially constructed for the delectation of the citizen Strasbourgeois, on the plan of Ranelagh, in the country you have just named. Permit me to observe, by the way, that I infinitely prefer Ranelagh; though, as you truly remark, this spot does not present itself to us under the most favorable circumstances. Here, besides variegated lamps and fireworks, it is true that there are other amusements, such, for instance, as a *partie* of ninepins among the artillery, with so many aristocrats upon the board, to play at; or a swimming match between ex-nobles in the river yonder. Some of these I expect you will shortly assist at. Friend Baudet—the villain, he was my brother's intendant, and robbed him; but I forgive him that and all the rest—friend Baudet never misses these fraternal sports. He is in there, breakfasting, at this moment, with a party of Jacobin deputies and their mistresses—*canaille!* You will see them all in a moment—there, if my eyes do not deceive me, they are stepping out on the balcony! Courage! The sport is about to begin."

Following the direction of the speaker's eye, Heinrich Seeman's glance rested upon a short, squat, ungainly figure, closely muffled up in a horseman's cloak, which emerged at that moment upon the outer gallery running round the pavilion. Cries of "Vive Baudet!" rose from the mob below, like the shouts from a Roman amphitheatre at the sight of the hungry lion bounding into the arena. He was accompanied by a party of some half dozen men, and as many women. Some of the men carried napkins in their hands, others bottles and glasses; and the bare head of one who tottered unsteadily forward was crowned with a chaplet of artificial flowers. They had evidently just risen from table, after a debauch within doors. The women, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour and rigor of the season, wore low dresses and bare arms, and the paint on their cheeks could be distinctly seen even at the distance at which the prisoners stood. The doctor was scarcely surprised to see the majority of these women seat themselves with merry gestures and ringing laugh, just for all the world as though they had been placed before the drop-scene of a theatre about to rise upon a comedy of Beaumarchais. One or two, indeed, betrayed marks of agitation—a slight symptom of humanity peering out from the depths of their hideous natures, as a forget-me-not will sometimes show its head between the sterile rocks in a mountain ravine. But there was one who made her appearance last of all the party, upon whom his eye now particularly rested. She was of a graceful figure, and as far as could be judged at that distance, very young and handsome, so that Heinrich expected that signs of trepidation would be more strongly marked upon her movements than on those of her more hardened companions. To his disgust, she walked boldly forward, till reaching the side of Baudet, she linked one arm in his, then with the other leaning on the balustrade, her chin on her hand, she scanned with the most perfect composure the scene below. He fancied that her figure was not wholly unknown to him, but in the confusion of his mind he could not recall where he had seen her, or, as was more probable, some one who bore a resemblance to her.

"Ah!" exclaimed his companion, "I dare say the respectable Baudet would like to cruise about on the Rhine, with his new mistress yonder, in a painted galley,

after the example of his friend Carrier. That would be the place from which to witness the sport!—a moveable point of view floating in and out, so that he might enjoy the agonies of his drowning enemies in all directions. But you see it would not do here. The Rhine is not quite so convenient for that kind of sport as the Loire; and the Austrian bullets might be playing at ninepins with the spectators, *ma foi!*"

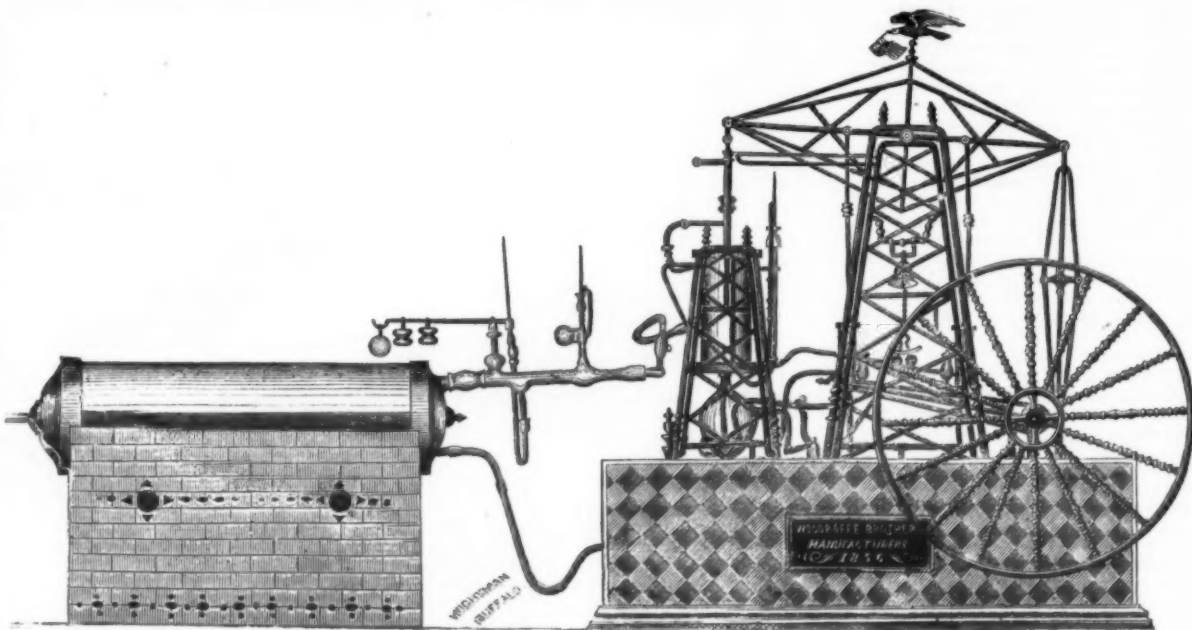
"Who is that young woman—girl I should rather say," asked Heinrich, "whom you describe as the wretch's mistress?—so young, and yet so utterly debased! Observe the cool way in which she looks up in his face, without taking her hand from her chin—now pointing before her—I suppose at some of the preparations which are being made for our massacre."

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and applied himself again to his snuff, making a motion as if to brush away the fallen grains from the spot once occupied no doubt by his shirt-frill. "In times like these, my friend, there are no young people. All the heads that yet remain standing are old heads on young shoulders—of that be sure. The woman whom you see there is named—well, her name I forget—but she has been Baudet's mistress for the last three weeks or so. She has been promoted to the place of a former mistress, whose *belle tête* had so far lost its charms that it was thought prudent to deprive her of it altogether. How long this one may last, Heaven knows—perhaps as long as Citizen Baudet himself—no eternity, take my word for it. She is a great favorite with the sanclottes. They say she is a perfect hyena, attending regularly at all the executions and horrors! Bah! women were always so—running perpetually into extremes. But see, friend, I do not think we have time for further conversation; and if you feel inclined to offer up a prayer—"

The first batch of twenty prisoners, who had preceded them on their route, were now marched up close to the pavilion. They were made to remain there for some minutes, exposed to the insults of the populace, and to the observations of the party in the gallery, who signalled to each other's attention in a loud tone any particularly noteworthy person, or private enemy. The inspection completed, they were removed, at a sign from Baudet, to an open space beyond the right wing of the building; the mob making way for them, with ironical gestures, as they passed. At one end of this open space were three pieces of artillery loaded with grape: on either side a double row of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, formed an

impassable barrier both to the wretched prisoners in the middle, and to the mob, who pressed up to the military, looking on tiptoe over their shoulders, and peering between them, so as to get as near as possible to the show. The fourth side of the square was bounded by the river. The artillerymen with lighted matches, looked to the gallery of the pavilion, apparently waiting for another signal. It was given by Baudet's mistress, her chin still resting on her hand, waving carelessly her pocket-handkerchief! What followed, the doctor, in relating his adventures years after, affirmed that he could not describe any more than his trial. He said that he had closed his eyes at that moment; and he added, with perfect truth, that an exact account of what took place might be read in a hundred books, containing the narratives of the fusillades, and other horrors, peculiar to that holiday-time of hell unchained upon earth. There was a loud report, like thunder, the distant echoes of which seemed to confound themselves in a sound of low groans, breaking out here and there into a sharp shrill cry—then there were mixed shrieks and imprecations, as of the soldiers rushing in to finish the wounded—next a dead silence, as of an audience at a play, at a point of intense and soul-absorbing interest. Last of all, a great shout of applause, with which the same audience might be supposed to relieve their pent-up feelings. It seemed like a play, at the time, he said—a play seen in a dream. His ideas became confused; his other sensations swallowed up in one overpowering sensation of faintness, so that he was scarcely conscious of moving forward, in obedience to a summons, or of standing under the pavilion, when the turn had arrived for the remaining batch of twenty, to which he belonged, to meet their fate.

In this half-dreamy, half-delirious state, he was wholly unable to distinguish between realities and the images of his fancy, so as to make sure whether what seemed to pass around him were true, or merely the creation of his own brain. The past and the present mingled together curiously in this kind of waking nightmare. He was sailing on the river in an open boat with his father and his sister Marguerite—of that he was sure! Suddenly, it appeared to him that a great storm arose, which upset the boat and submerged them all three—and he alone was swimming on the surface, but with his arms strangely cramped, as though they had been tied to his sides. As he reached the shore, which he did with great difficulty, a vast crowd surrounded him, vociferating at the tops of their voices, "A doctor! Send for a doctor!" "I tell you, here is a doctor!" exclaimed some one near him; "a very skilful one, too, who, if you will suffer him to be unbound for five minutes, will do the job in a trice." He turned to see who the speaker was and recognized one of the trio of soldiers who had accompanied him from Paris to Strasburg. At the same time, he felt that the cramp in his limbs had passed away; and he followed the speaker mechanically in the direction of a pavilion, or pleasure-house, which he now perceived to lie straight before him. They threaded together several long passages, passing, on their way, a number of people, gesticulating and running to and fro, till they stood in front of a door guarded by a short man in a horseman's cloak. The man said something to him in a low voice which he did not understand, then throwing open the door, pointed to a red curtain, which he bade him draw aside. Tearing down the curtain, he found himself standing in front of a couch, upon which reclined the body of a woman. The remains of rich auburn hair



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encircled the face like a golden frame, and here and there were little specks of blood standing out, to his eyes, like so many ornaments. The head was severed from the shoulders—he was looking at a corpse! He was still staring vacantly at it, with a vague notion of having met with some similar experience in a former life, when, to his horror, the woman rose and laid her hand on his shoulder! Then, by one of those kaleidoscopic turns common to dreams, it seemed to him that the face had passed into that of his sister Marguerite, and he spoke to her without the least surprise or emotion.

"So you are saved then, dearest sister!" he exclaimed. "The storm did not carry you to the bottom. But now, I think of it, our father—"

"Alas! Heinrich, your mind is wandering!" As she said this, she stretched out her hand and drew the hair off his forehead, gazing into his eyes with an affrighted, agonized look, which puzzled him.

"Wandering? What do you mean? What are those tears for, I should like to know?"

"Heinrich, kiss me!"

She said this very quietly. He leaned forward and kissed her. As he did this, a certain something, perhaps the deadly coldness of the cheek which his lips touched, or it might be a sense of reality in the act, which had not seemed to attach itself to the rest of the scene, roused him to a state of half-consciousness. He was in a strange room, and his sister Marguerite, and no other, was sitting up in her bed, beside him.

At first he thought himself in the other world, which he remembered in his youth to have heard the priests speak of. Just then the report of cannon outside reached his ear, and still further aroused him. It seemed as though his consciousness were coming back to him by a series of distinct impulses, as the embers of a fire are raked into a flame by the successive strokes of the bellows.

"I see it all now," he cried, "I remember—I remember well enough! but why did they unbind me and bring me here! And you, Marguerite—how came you here? I did not see you among the prisoners outside. I had hoped—"

At this moment, his eyes, which had been fixed upon her face, wandered downward to her dress. He saw with surprise that she was in a ball toilette and that her neck and arms were bare: he did not remember to have ever seen her so before. Then it flashed upon him all at once that hers was the figure which he had noticed on the balcony, leaning on the balustrade with so much unconcern, waving the fatal pocket-handkerchief! His sister was Bandet's mistress! At another time the shock of such a discovery would most probably have deprived him of utterance; but now, the exhausting emotions which he had gone through, seemed to have taken from him the faculty of surprise at anything which might happen. "Marguerite," he said, "only tell me what has become of our father and that Lisette is not—with you—and then let me go out and meet my fate. I had hoped—yes I had hoped that you were dead!"

She laid her hand on his arm, for he was preparing to go. "Heinrich," she said, quietly, "Heinrich, this is a terrible meeting for both of us. I know very well what you would say—I know the expressions that are forming on your lips—as well leave them unsaid now. You have not time to give utterance to them, my brother. The moments pass quickly; at any instant we may be interrupted. Listen. I have simulated a terrible fit as a means of having you near me for a few minutes—some faithful friends have helped me in my design. Never mind how it has been done, but here you are alone with me, and he—I will not name him—is keeping watch outside yonder door. He will not come in till he is summoned by the woman whom he supposes with me. He cannot bear to see me with my features distorted by pain, for I have fits now, at times, since—listen more attentively, Heinrich! Ah! it is on me that your thoughts are still wandering. You long to call me miserable, degraded, a monster, to curse me. *Malheureux*, before one of these epithets has left your lips, the opportunity for your escape may have passed away for ever!"

As he made no reply, she rose completely, and sitting down beside him on the couch took his hand in her own. "My brother, unless I say a few words to you about myself, I see there will be no such thing as rousing you to act on your own behalf. They must be very brief. Let me tell you then that when I first joined this monster, it was on the condition that the lives of our father and sister were to be spared. Alas, that I could be so credulous! Heinrich, Heinrich, instead of giving yourself up to your grief, remember that you, the last of the family, must be spared, to obtain the church's prayers for their souls. Yes, I see what that look means. Lisette, at any rate, has escaped my fate. Never mind that now; suffice it that I have remained where I am partly for vengeance, partly from a presentiment that I should one day have the opportunity of saving you. Such an opportunity has actually occurred. When I saw your name among the list of condemned for to-day, I obtained, by my influence, that the execution should be at this place. And now, look here." She glided noiselessly to a cupboard, and drew from it the complete dress of a republican guard—sword, belt, cartouche-box—nothing was wanting. "Change your clothes for these—not an instant is to be lost! Then out of the window here; the fall is only a few feet into the courtyard below. There is not a soul there at this moment; every one is at the front of the building where the fusillades are taking place. Walk boldly out by the back entrance to the pavilion, with this written order in your hand. It is signed by St. Just himself. I have contrived to get possession of it. Recollect, it is an order which you are carrying to the officer at the Fort du Peuple; you remember the fort, half a mile down the river. You are listening—you understand me, Heinrich? When you have reached the Poplar Avenue run for your life. You know the river lies straight before you. There will be no one there to prevent your swimming across on such a day as this. All the sansculottes are assembled here. If you perish in the stream, why better—For heaven's sake, Heinrich, quicker! as you value the last hope that remains to you, to me. If Antonio, who is supposed to be with me, should only return—and she dare not leave us much longer alone. Here, the belt, the hat. Try and look the soldier as much as you can—ah! the password in case you are challenged '*Mort aux Tarquins*'—for God's sake bear it in mind. Heaven be with you, my poor brother!"

These instructions were given in a low, quick whisper. Heinrich was all the time mechanically hurrying on the costume prepared for him, or rather was pushed into each article of dress by the feverish hands of his sister. It seemed but a moment, and he stood, awkward and stiff, in the uniform of a republican guard. His sword jingled against his cartouche box, in unison with the trembling of his limbs. The instinct of life had not deserted him. But he stood there, motionless—his mind not yet quite recovered from the shocks it had undergone—unable to act on any impulse of his own, and seeming to wait for some fresh order from his sister.

"For Heaven's sake, Heinrich!" she whispered—"Mon Dieu! and there is, already, a noise at the door! They may come in at any moment. Here, through the window; it is only a drop of a few feet to the ground. You want time, not only to get out of the building, but to be fairly out of reach. So, one kiss before you go."

She almost dragged him to the window, and pointed imploringly to the courtyard below. Suddenly a new idea darted through his disordered mind, and again, to her despair, he stood still.

"Marguerite, Marguerite! when my flight is discovered what will happen to you?"

"Nothing that would not equally happen if you remained here, to be mowed down by the cannon to-day. Nothing that you can prevent. They can only kill me, Heinrich! It must come, sooner or later, and it will not come the quicker on account of your flight. He will pardon me that, for he is not tired of me yet. But you once safe, and I need no pardon—my work upon earth is accomplished. One, at least, of the family will have been saved by my sacrifice. My brother, if I have erred, you know the motive. You will pray for me in happier days, will you not? And now, for the love of heaven—"

Her words seemed to breathe fresh life into him. He pressed her

to his heart; her golden hair loosening itself from the knot which held it behind, and falling across his shoulders. Then, hurrying to the window, he let himself down into the courtyard.

The cold air outside still further revived him. Passing through the gateway he lighted upon a party of soldiers who were drinking on the sly, the rest of their comrades being at the front of the building, where the execution was taking place. These men, luckily, did not belong to the regiment to which the number on his collar referred him, and, after a stare, they suffered him to pass on unquestioned.

In a short time he had gained the Poplar Avenue, leading straight to the river, and shut out from the view of the pavilion by a high bank on either side. Looking back to make sure that no one was in sight, he quickened his pace to a run, and soon the broad waters of the Rhine rolled at his feet. He breathed more freely. Although to traverse the rapid current would be, even to the strongest swimmer, a feat of great peril, still the danger to be incurred was preferable to the horrible certainties which he had left behind him; and there was something not absolutely distressing to him in the idea of perishing in the embrace of that mighty river, which is cherished almost like a tutelary genius by those who have been born within sound of its flow, and whose childish sports have been mirrored on the surface of "Father Rhine."

He had taken off his coat and thrown his sword on the grass, when the sound of several voices reached his ears, and immediately afterwards a party of some half-dozen villagers descended the embankment on the side of the pavilion, and made their way towards him. Doubtless they were returning from witnessing the show. Heinrich trembled with apprehension, as one of the party, a tall virago of about thirty, accosted him with a rude laugh.

"Bathing, citizen soldier, and at this time of the year! *Mille tonnerres*, but you are a bold man!"

"I—I was carrying a letter from my colonel to the Fort du Peuple," murmured Heinrich, quite taken aback by this interruption.

"What? leaning over the river with your coat off? You suppose, then, the fort to lie on the opposite side of the Rhine, in the Austrian quarters?"

"I was washing my clothes in the stream," faltered the unhappy fugitive, not knowing what to say.

"Your spick and span new clothes, which you don't appear to have ever put on before to-day? Ah! I have you now. I recollect," cried the woman, who had been scanning him closely. "Yes—on the *banc des accusés*, in the affair Lambinet, the day before yesterday; that is where I have seen that imposing face of yours, citizen. Karl, Etienne, this is an escaped royalist, preparing to make his way to the enemy's camp!"

In a trice he felt himself pinioned by more than one pair of stalwart arms. Resistance would have been out of the question, even if time had been given him to entertain the bare idea. Helpless, listless, the bitterness of death tenfold increased to him by the momentary glimpse of safety which had flashed before his eyes, Heinrich Seeman suffered himself to be led back in the direction of the pavilion, amidst the shouts and cries of his captors. The fury who had been the means of his capture, and who appeared to exercise a strong influence over her comrades, walked in front, waving his own sword, which she had just picked up, and singing the *Marseillaise*; and every now and then she turned round to feast her eyes upon him, like a tigress glaring at her prey.

He knew well that no prayers or entreaties on his part would have the least effect on the rough natures around him. So he summoned his philosophy to his aid and held his tongue. But once, when the virago approached very near him, and looked with a particularly insulting expression into his face, he could not help bursting out into a terrible imprecation—"May all the fiends of hell take possession of you, to your dying day, you she-wolf," he cried. "May the God whom you deny curse you—he will curse you—to your latest hour, for betraying innocent blood!"

In delivering this tirade, which he regretted the moment it had left his lips—he had advanced his right hand, and laid it on the woman's arm. He could not help noticing that a singular change came over her expression, and a flush, as of strong emotion, dyed itself into her cheeks. She trembled—turned red and white by turns—then looked at him for a moment, fixedly.

"Stop!" she exclaimed to the peasants who had charge of him, "I must examine this man's hand."

"What! at your old gipsy tricks again, *la souricière*!" cried a pale Albino-looking lad, who held Heinrich tightly by the left arm. "We don't want any fortunes told here—we can tell his fortune as well as you can, with all your bottles, and wax figures, and magic circles; see here!"—he made a motion with his forefinger across the back of his neck, to imitate the action of the guillotine.

She paid not the slightest attention to this remark, but employed herself the whole time in looking closely at the prisoner's hand which she held in hers. He thought of the hand which he had scrutinized in the same curious fashion some days before, and how soon his own would be cold and white and heavy as that was. He remarked as singular that she scarcely as much as glanced at the palm, all her interest seeming to be concentrated on his little finger, on which he still wore the topaz ring. Notwithstanding several small devices on her part to hide this circumstance, he felt that he could not be mistaken, and that it was the ring which, catching her eye for the first time as he advanced his arm, had, for some mysterious reason, rivetted her attention.

"You must let this man go!" she cried, with an air of command. "I was mistaken in him. He is a true and good patriot; I read it in the lines of his hand."

"Mistaken!" exclaimed one of the peasants, "that is a good one, *la souricière*; as if I was not in court with you, and can swear to his face as I can to that of my cow Christine."

"Ah, you dare to contradict me, Karl!" It was astonishing with what energy she spoke, and how earnest she appeared to be on behalf of one whom a moment before she had been leading to death. "And you do not fear my vengeance? Who restored to you Christine when she was enchanted by the gnomes? Who saved you, yourself, Karl, from the evil eye? Etienne, Baptiste, as you value your next vintage—as you do not wish to die, lingering and transfigured by the magic arrow—obey me! This man is my master. From him I hold all that I know. He has assumed his present form to try me. For a moment the fairies blinded me, but on touching his hand I have regained my sight. At his bidding the waters of the river leave their bed—sweep over your vineyards—tear down your frail houses—engulf flocks and herds in their stream. Tremble at his vengeance. This is he of whom I have spoken to you—the Sorcerer Leloup!"

She foamed at the mouth as she shrieked out rather than spoke these words. Heinrich knew enough of the abject superstition of the Rhinish peasantry—indeed we have seen that he was by no means free from it himself—not to be surprised that the gipsy's speech should produce a strong effect upon her rude hearers. But he was not prepared for the effect which actually took place. They shuddered, the boldest among them turned pale, and he felt the arms which still held his own relaxing their grasp tremulously, and then quite withdrawn, as if paralyzed.

She saw her advantage, and was quick as lightning to profit by it. "Hasten," she cried to the prisoner. "Hasten back to the river, your element, and appease the wrath of Undine, your sister, lest she revenge herself upon us for the insult offered you!"

Heinrich did not need a second invitation, but set off at that rate which is perhaps never attained but by those rare performers who have had occasion to run for their lives. He plunged into the river, and dashed out five or six vigorous strokes in succession, then paused to take breath a moment, and look back. He saw that the villagers, recovered from their first stupor, were in full chase; in fact, the gipsy's statement had been too monstrous, even for their gross understandings. But it had served its turn; the rapidity of the stream had, before many seconds, carried him out of reach of their pursuit. In an inconceivably short time, he had floated down at least half a mile, still bending with his failing forces towards the

German shore. He could observe people on the French side watching him, and he feared, far more than perishing in the stream, that some one would put off in a boat and recapture him. Luckily for poor Heinrich, there were two sides to this question as well as to the river; and just as his little remaining strength showed him that there were some half dozen more strokes between himself and eternity, he perceived, to his joy, a little bark putting out towards him from the suburbs of Kehl. Before long he was safely seated between a Prussian corporal and two fishermen, recruited by a draught of brandy, and perfectly regardless of the random shots which plashed into the water round them from the Fort du Peuple. He sunk on his knees as they touched the opposite shore in deep thankfulness to that Eternal Being, among whose acknowledged subjects he now found himself. Then he thought of his "Genius" which had not deserted him; and last of all, after a sigh devoted to his family and poor Marguerite, he could not help glancing curiously at his little finger, on which still glittered the topaz ring. "It must be a talisman," he said to himself, "a talisman, with which, whatever be my condition, I swear from this day forth never to part!"

(To be continued.)

CATARACT ENGINE CO. NO. II., OF HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

THIS company was organized about the beginning of the year 1849. Temperance, rather a novel feature for a fire company, was established as one of the chief features of its constitution. The machine then in the possession of the company was built by Mr. Hammerman, of Boston, and proved, in connection with many others, the superiority of this gentleman's work over all others in point of durability. The success attending the company was at first varied, as is the case with all organizations of this kind, and many were the conflicts in which they were called upon to engage with the devouring element during a period of nearly eight years. As the city of Hamilton grew, however, the increasing necessity for more powerful apparatus was made manifest. No. 2 caught the infection and resolved upon a remedy. A project was set on foot for the purchase of a new machine; specifications, plans, &c., were obtained from different builders, but Mr. William Perry, of Montreal, was finally selected as the fortunate individual to receive their order, and at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars he manufactured the beautiful machine which is the subject of the accompanying sketch. Her dimensions are as follows: diameter of cylinder, seven inches; length of stroke, sixteen inches; with two opening and folding brakes. She is painted green and gold, with a splendid view of Niagara Falls on her side, and ornamented with a handsome arch encircling the air-chamber, upon which is inscribed the word "Cataract." At a pressure of 30 lbs. per square inch she was sucked through eighteen feet of hose and thrown a distance of one hundred and ninety feet out of an inch nozzle. A distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet was also obtained from two streams, under great disadvantages, prominent among which may be mentioned the fact that the leading hose used was only two and a half inches in diameter, whereas her openings are three and a half, false couplings being used for the purpose.

She is warranted for one stream, one-inch nozzle, one hundred and seventy feet; but those competent to judge predict that two hundred feet will be exceeded after a few months' use. Distance, however, must not be regarded as her best feature, quantity being the great object aimed at. Her capacity is about seven hundred gallons per minute. The company stand upon a perfectly independent basis, owning the apparatus, which has been purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the citizens, and presented to the company.

The officers may be seen standing immediately around the machine. The figure in the foreground, leaning upon the brake, is Mr. A. J. Campbell, who has been for the past two years, and is now, the foreman of the company. This gentleman was the chief mover in obtaining the means wherewith to purchase the new machine; and as a fireman he stands A No. 1. The figure to his right is Mr. B. J. Harte, First Assistant Engineer of the Department, and an old New York fireman, having formerly run with No. 41 of that city. Without particularizing further, we would merely state that the company numbers one hundred fine, athletic, young men, many of whom have received their training in Philadelphia and New York, and whenever duty calls the boys of No. 2 are always on hand.

THE GLASS ENGINE.

THE Bohemian Glass-blowers, who have been on a tour of exhibition through the country, have now for public inspection a beautiful steam-engine, manufactured by themselves, and made entirely of glass. This is certainly one of the mechanical curiosities of the age. One can scarcely realize the fact of a glass steam-engine, perfect in all its parts and working under a pressure of thirty inches of steam. Yet such is the fact, as daily witnessed at the exhibition of the Bohemian Glass-blowers. We subjoin a description of the Low-pressure Marine Steam-engine represented in our drawing, made entirely of glass by the Brothers Woodroffe, of the Bohemian troupe.

Dimensions—Diameter of wheels, 22 inches; length of stroke, 6; diameter of cylinder, 2; length of shaft, 15; length of bed plate, 26; height of beam from bed plate, 27; extreme length, including boiler, 46; length of boiler, 17; diameter, 5½; heating surface, square inches, 64.

The boiler is of glass, and is of a cylindrical form without flues; will sustain a pressure of thirty inches of steam, and being perfectly transparent, the action of the water under different pressure can be seen, and useful hints, in regard to the construction of boilers to prevent explosions, obtained.

The pressure of steam used on running the engine during the exhibition is about eight inches vacuum; three pounds giving a pressure of seven pounds; the engine making thirty revolutions per minute. Every part being perfectly transparent the whole process of the generation and application of the steam, to its admission into the condenser, as well as the action of the valves, can be seen and understood. The condenser is situated immediately under the cylinder and plainly visible, as well as the pumps which condense the steam, draws the water from condenser, and supplies the boiler. The engine is furnished with steam gauge, safety valve, whistle and bell, all of which are made of glass, as well as reverse gear, starting bar, &c. The wheels and galleys frame, beam and some other parts, are made of fancy colored glass; in operation it presents a singular and beautiful appearance, and has been pronounced by all scientific men who have seen it, as well as engineers and mechanics, one of the greatest specimens of mechanical ingenuity ever exhibited.

As a means of instruction, it cannot be equalled. A person can acquire every information in regard to steam and its application by examining this transparent engine.

The Lilies.

A traveller in Palestine says: "Not far from the probable site where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded when he said 'Consider the lilies of the field.' The calyx of this giant lily resembled crimson velvet, and the gorgeous flower was a white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been arrayed more gloriously than one of these."

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected,
As a thing of evil fame;
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With his recklessness and sin;
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their bosoms glad;
Better have an act that's kindly,
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

THE SWILL MILK TRADE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

For the midnight assassin we have the rope and the gallows; for the robber the penitentiary; but for those who murder our children by the thousands we have neither reprobation nor punishment. They are not penal villains, but licensed traders, and though their traffic is literally in human life the Government seems powerless or unwilling to interfere. It has become a by-word among the great rogues of the country that conviction is impossible where the culprit has wealth, and the existence of so high a misdemeanor in our midst as the vending of that liquid poison, swill milk, is another damning fact in support of the prevailing belief of the nullity of our laws, or the criminal inertness of our constituted authorities for protecting the rights of the citizens. If it is deemed necessary that the dispensers of narcotic drugs should distinctly mark upon them "poison," how much more necessary, nay imperative, is it that every swill milk can should be branded in its front with the word "poison" in characters of fire! The evil is not of recent date, neither is the honor of its conception due to America; but so far we can claim, that in the gigantic scheme for the legal destruction of human life we have outstripped all competitors, and the New York and Brooklyn milkman stands forth as the great modern Herod, the wholesale slaughterer of the innocents!

This nefarious swill milk business once took root in Germany, and it flourished with other festering sores upon the body corporate while the authorities looked calmly on, but the inhabitants of one town near Elberfeld, on the Rhine, in 1848, took the matter in hand, judged the facts, and administered the chastisement; they destroyed the establishment by fire, and drove out the owners from among them. This fact will show how vast these philosophical Germans deemed the evil to be, and how terribly this law-abiding people punished the miscreants who deliberately trafficked in the lives of their fellow-beings, and grew fat and purse-proud upon the wages of death.

During the last few years we have once and again been thrown into an ecstasy of horror and astonishment by the detailed crimes of some monster who has been detected in removing to a better world some few individuals by the means of some subtle poison. A shout of execration has gone up from every Christian nation when the terrible revelations were made known, but the tens of thousands of milk murders that creep into our lists of mortality under the heads of marasmus and cholera infantum are passed over in silence, and the swill poison venders of New York and Brooklyn, like their German compeers, grow fat and purse-proud; but unlike them go unsanctified of justice, and walk erect among the survivors of their yearly massacres.

The attention of the community has been called from time to time to the subject of distillery milk. It has been brought before the public with vigor; it has been treated with earnest sincerity; but for want of sustained and combined efforts the agitation has been allowed to subside just as public attention is about to concentrate upon the active consideration of the matter. There are many reasons assigned for these unhappy failures, but there are only two which we think worthy of notice, and these tell the whole tale: First, the moneyed opposition of those so summarily arraigned at the bar of public opinion—the golden reason which convinces the judge on his bench and the editor in his sanctum; and second, the want of means and influence of the hearty workers in a good cause, who are necessarily unable to keep the subject before the public.

The circumstances are now changed. We will supply the means and the organ to work out the salvation of our city by banishing the distillery milk manufactories from our homes and surroundings, and perchance from off the face of the land.

During the last year, 1857, a committee of eleven was appointed by the Common Council of Brooklyn to report upon the subject of cow-stables, on the petition of John T. Hildreth and others. The various facts elicited by this committee were published in a pamphlet, and present an amount of damning evidence sufficient to crush any enterprise, however well backed up by ample means and screened and fostered by corrupt authorities. From this pamphlet, which we have in our possession, we shall have occasion to draw largely, as the facts which it contains, like those we have ourselves obtained, have been wrong from unwilling witnesses, who knew that every answer they made was additional fatal evidence against themselves and their nefarious practices.

Our Visit to Husted's Distillery.

As soon as we determined to thoroughly sift this matter, we paid a visit to Husted's distillery, situated on Skillman st. and Franklin ave., Brooklyn. The approach to it is through a collection of miserable hovels, containing, apparently, the offscourings and dregs of the foreign population, with here and there a fair-sized mansion inhabited by respectable Americans, who groan in spirit over their pestiferous surroundings. When we find our lives in a strange neighborhood we generally inquire of the residents for the place we want, but on this occasion we had no need of this precaution, for we had only to "follow our nose"—to use an old proverb—and we arrived at the Vesuvius which belched forth the intolerable and stinking stench. The sight which greeted our eyes was detestable to our vision as was the palpable stench to our nostrils. The distillery buildings of Husted and Wilson, which are represented in our engraving on page 368, are wretched ramshackled hovels, blackened by the fumes of the poisonous liquid which corrupts and rots everything with which it comes in contact. The huge chimneys are for ever belching forth a nauseous, black, lurid smoke, laced through with snake-like tongues of white, which come right up from the hell-cauldron beneath. The stables which surround the distilleries are, if possible, more dilapidated and wretchedly filthy than the disgusting nucleus round which they cluster. The ground upon which these swill houses stand occupies two entire blocks. It is bounded on the four sides

by Flushing avenue, Park avenue, Franklin avenue, and Bedford avenue.

Description of Large Cut, Page 360.

The stables, as we have said, are filthy in the extreme. They are long, rude wooden shanties, with roofs so low that we can touch them by extending our arms, and so thickly hung with cobwebs that we could assert that no cleansing operation had ever been carried on since the stables were erected. Our large drawing in page 360 gives a faithful and most accurate idea of the arrangements of the interior of the cow stables, but it is impossible by mere engraving to give the faintest conception of the dirt, the filth and the stench that abides above, below, around—that lingers lovingly in every corner and makes the atmosphere of the interior thick with revolting and life-killing miasma. The cows, as will be seen in our picture, are ranged in double rows, their heads to the swill troughs, and their tails—or rather the remnants of tails—towards each other, and so close that sometimes one cow actually lies on the other. The space between can be better imagined than described. The distillery stuff, or swill, comes rushing and foaming down into the troughs from an upper duct connected with a tank, which is again connected with the distillery; boiling hot and reeking with subtle poison it splashes into the troughs, and the cows, at the risk of scalding their mouths, thrust their heads into it. At first the cows revolt against the swill, but after a week or two they begin to have a taste for it, and in a short time we find them consuming from one to two, and even three barrels of swill in a day. In confirmation of our description we copy the statement of the official report of the Committee of the Common Council of Brooklyn:

The Brooklyn Distilleries and Swill Milk Stables.

"If we examine the stables and the manner in which they are managed, it would seem almost a miracle that cows can live twenty-four hours in them. Some of these stables are built to hold hundreds of cows; each cow is confined to a space three feet in width by eleven feet in length. The cows are tied in the stables when they are first purchased, and kept there until they die or are sold to the butcher. They are fed three or four times a day with boiling swill, which remains steaming under their heads until it becomes sufficiently cooled for them to drink. In the summer they are the whole time in a vapor bath, breathing the fetid air that has been breathed over and over again, their tongues hanging out while they pant for breath. In the winter every crevice is stopped to prevent the cold from entering (frost never enters these stables in the coldest weather). The cows are steamed and stimulated up to the highest milking degree. Is it strange that lung disease prevails? and is it any wonder that their lungs become affected, and that they die at once when they dry up, and the milk ceases to carry off the poisonous secretions, which the lungs cannot throw off from want of fresh air?"

How they milk Dying Cows, and sell their Diseased Carcasses for Meat!

The report says: "A large percentage of the animals removed from the city by the offal contractor, is made up of cows which have died from these diseases. Their transportation is a sickening sight and a nuisance to the city. During the winter months a large percentage of the animals killed for beef in the city are laboring under this disease, as is proved by the large number of diseased lungs brought to the offal contractor to be removed from the city. It is believed that at some establishments few except diseased animals are killed."

How the Swill Distillery Nuisance has Grown.

When these stables were first built, there were less than 300 stalls, occupied by the owners, who took especial care that no nuisance should arise from them. There are now about 1,200 stalls, occupied by different tenants, who care little about the cleanliness of the stables. They are generally in a most filthy condition. When first built, and for years afterwards, they were surrounded by farms and gardens. The manure was then valuable, and the owners took great care of it. They carted it out to dry on vacant lots in the vicinity. It was then sold by the load to the farmers and gardeners. They are now surrounded by a dense population; the farms and gardens are far off; the manure is less valuable, and is sold per stall by the year—so much for each cow. It is carted in open wagons during the day for a mile through the streets. The manure is a liquid, like swill, and the wagons not very tight. The whole street through which they pass is sprinkled with a substance which poisons the atmosphere. Besides this, the manure being liquid, those in charge of the stables run a great part of it into the creek, it being more easy to sweep it into the gutters or troughs than to shovel it into boxes.

How the Swill Manure Poisons the Atmosphere.

"The drainage from the stables enters the creek about half a mile from the Wallabout Bay. The creek is from six to sixty feet in width, with several culverts over it, and has a fall of about two feet. At low water it is entirely bare except a small drain. The effect of an open drain, that at each tide overflows its banks and has the manure from 1,200 cows, and at times a large quantity of swill draining into it, can well be imagined."

The Swill Manure Obstructs the Channel.

"About seven years since, the owners of property on the creek spent many thousands of dollars in docking it and, about \$5,000 in dredging. They obtained nine feet of water at the mouth and two feet at Mr. Johnson's lumber-yard, at low tide. In less than three years it was filled up to the mark where it was when they began. Now the channel of the bay is filling up from the same cause."

Its Corroding and Fatal Effect.

"When there was water enough in the creek to allow it, Mr. Johnson brought lumber to his yard on canal boats direct from Albany. The boats would come into the creek well painted, but if they remained over night they would become a dirty black color by the morning. At first the boat hands attempted to sleep on the boats, and one man lost his life by so doing; a woman had a premature labor, and several others sickened and nearly lost their lives by merely sleeping one night in the boats on this creek."

How the Noisome Filth spreads over the Wallabout Bay and Flats.

"Bad as it was and is, it each year becomes worse. At low tide most of its bed is bare—a bank of cow manure and fermenting swill, on which the hot sun shines and brings out its noxious gas. As the tide rises it covers the bed of the creek, and brings back to settle in it and on the adjoining meadows the swill, cow manure and other filth that it meets on the way to the river. As the tide falls, part of the filth is borne with it to be deposited in the Wallabout Bay and Flats. During the time the creek is covered with water it ferments like a yeast tub. Large masses of putrid matter and cow manure, three or four feet square, rise to the surface and discharge their noxious gases. The fences and all articles painted white in the vicinity, are frequently found in the morning colored like an offensive privy. Nothing but the open condition of the country in that vicinity, and the breeze that continually draws up the valley prevents sickness."

Frightful and Loathsome Disease among the Cows in the Swill Stables.

"With regard to the cows that are kept and the milk that is produced in these stables, we find that a distemper broke out in the swill stables near the South Ferry about twelve years ago, and from them it spread through all the swill stables in New

York. At first it was almost uniformly fatal. It was no uncommon thing for a milkman to milk his cows in the morning, and on his return find two or three dead. Cows which took the disease lived from two hours to a month, and were generally milked to the last. The disease still prevails to an alarming extent in the swill stables, and bears the same character. A cow that dies suddenly generally swells to twice her natural size. On opening it the inwards are found highly inflamed, with all the signs of vegetable poison. Those that linger longer have all the appearance of consumption, with cough and fever. On opening them the lungs will be found destroyed, except a part about as large as a man's hand; this swims in a mass of purulent matter."

How they inoculate the Cows for the Swill Stable Disease.

Description of the cuts, pages 360, 361.

This disease, which we have just described, has prevailed for the last twelve years in these stables. Cows still die in them, daily, from it. The only remedy that has been found is to cut a slit in the cow's tail, and insert some of the matter from a dead cow's lungs. All fresh cows, as they are introduced into these stables, are so inoculated. The tail generally rots off, and about one cow in five dies. On removing the skin, the whole of the hind part of the body will be found, in many instances, to be mortified.

During the time the cows are under the influence of the inoculation they are milked with the others, and the milk sold. One milkman in these stables had twenty-five fresh cows inoculated at one time; and the milk from those cows, during the time they were under the influence of the operation, was sold with the other milk.

This Disease not known Elsewhere—Fine Butcher's Meat!

This disease has never prevailed as an epidemic out of the swill stables about New York and Brooklyn. Sometimes cows take the disease months after they have passed through the inoculation. If they are in order, they are always sold immediately to the butcher, to be dressed for eating. Cows when first introduced into the stables are more liable to take the disease than those that have been acclimated. For this reason some milkmen attempted to keep their cows over, until they came in again fresh. This is now seldom attempted; for as the cows cease to give milk, they become more liable to die from the disease; or, in other words, the disease, instead of passing off in the milk, is drawn to the lungs, and the cow dies.

The Origin of the Swill Milk Disease.

Milkmen disagree as to the cause of this disease. Some contend that it was imported from Europe, others that it arises from the new method of distilling, and that strychnine is used in the new method. In proof of it, they point to the cases where the cows swell up and die after an hour's sickness, with every appearance of being poisoned, and to the fact that it is but very seldom that any other than swill-fed animals, kept in distillery stables, suffer from it. The more intelligent, however, have become satisfied that there are two diseases. One is the effect of the poison in the swill. In these cases the cow dies in two or three hours. The other, the lingering disease, similar to consumption, which first broke out as an epidemic in the most crowded and filthy stables about the city, and undoubtedly proceeded from the state of the stables and the mode of feeding.

We come now to speak of the swill milk as seen through the medium of scientific observation. The facts brought to light are startling in the extreme, and go to prove the truth of every assertion that we have made.

Chemical and Microscopic Examination of Swill Milk.

The chemical and microscopic reports both show that the milk of animals fed on distillery-slop is far weaker than the real Orange county, the proportions of their constituents varying, but in some being as one to three. In 1,000 parts of Orange county milk 35 were butter; while of 1,000 parts of distillery milk there were found but 15, 14, 13, and even 10 parts only of butter.

Important Difference in the Properties of the Impure and the Pure Article.

The original test of Mr. Reid, to discover the time necessary for coagulation, has evinced a most important fact that the distillery milk will not coagulate in less than six hours, while pure milk, under the same influences coagulates in one hour. This, with the observation of Dr. Clark, showing the peculiar tendency of the milk globules to conglomeration and the tenacity with which they adhere, appears to the committee a most important matter. This alone may serve to account for the whole disturbance caused to the system of the child fed on this nutriment.

Its Fearful Effects on Young Children.

When the milk enters the human stomach its first change is coagulation, the second assimilation. If, therefore, a quantity of milk should refuse to coagulate it remains as an indigestible substance in the stomach; and we should suppose would produce the effects usual to children when their stomachs are loaded with improper food—produce convulsions, vomiting and purging.

We have brought the subject down to that point where its gravest consideration commences, namely, its results upon our weekly list of deaths. This part of the subject received the closest attention of the Academy of Medicine, and the report emanating from that scientific body declares that swill milk is the principal cause of cholera infantum and marasmus, to say nothing of other diseases.

Numerous statements have been made orally and written by men of science and veracity, testifying to the marked effects of the slop-fed milk upon children, and the cessation of all disturbance and the restoration to health immediately upon discontinuing the milk; and numerous deaths, which under the head of marasmus swell the lists of mortality, are ascribed in great measure to this cause.

Frightful Statistics of Swill Milk Deaths.

Upon examining the report of the City Inspector of New York for 1843 (before the distemper prevailed in the cow stables around New York), we find the number of deaths reported—

Under five years of age	4,588
Over five years of age	8,693

Or about one-third of the deaths were infants under five years.

In 1856, we find the number of deaths reported—

Under five years of age	13,373
Over five years of age	8,285

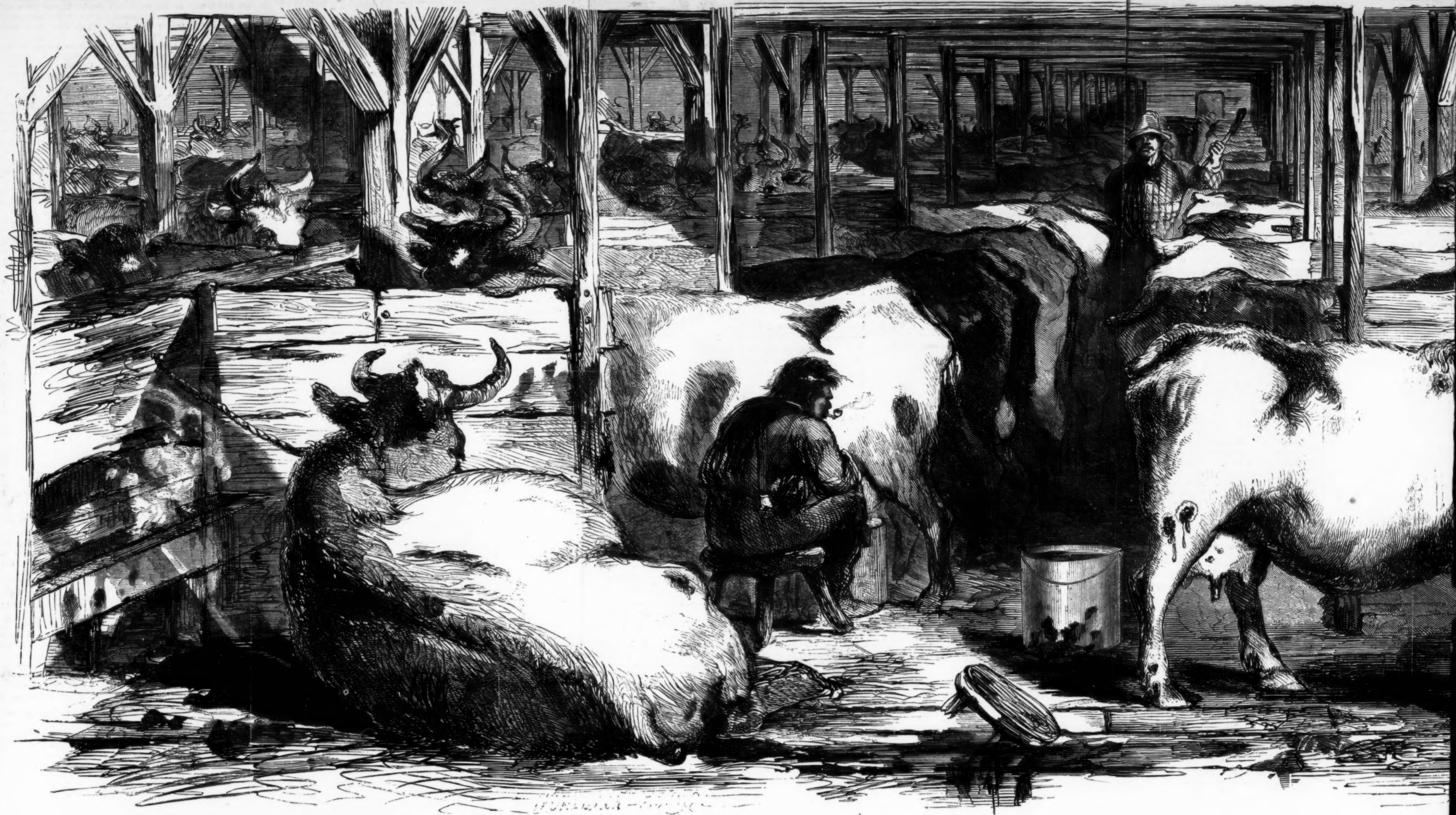
Or nearly five-eighths of the deaths were infants under five years of age, an increased percentage of infant mortality in the past ten years that is startling to the mind of every thinking man.

From the bills of mortality in European cities, the committee find that infant mortality in New York is eight per cent. above Glasgow, ten per cent. above Liverpool, and nearly thirteen per cent. greater than London; and the per centage in those cities is decreasing, whilst it is increasing in New York. But it must be remembered that cholera infantum and the distemper that prevails in our cow stables are unknown there.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUTS.

The Front Page Cut.

This is no fancy picture—it can be seen daily, and often many times during the day, at any of the cow stables round the distilleries of Husted or Wilson, on Skillman street, Brooklyn. The cows die rapidly from causes to be hereafter stated, but their places are immediately supplied, for each stall must duly earn its quota of blood money per day. It is positively asserted that cows have been propped up by machinery, being too weak to stand, milked while in a dying condition, and their carcasses dragged



EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE.—INTERIOR OF THE COW STABLES CONNECTED WITH THE DISTILLERY, CORNER OF FLUSHING AVENUE AND SKILLMAN STREET, BROOKLYN.—TAKEN ON THE

out and carted off to the butchers—the diseased meat to be sold, and the poisonous milk of the dying cow to be given to our infants. Can any atrocity equal this? We are sick with committing it to paper.

The Swill Milkman's Pump in Franklin avenue. Our cut in page 368 represents a pump in Franklin ave., near Park street, which is well-known to the inhabitants. Here certain of the carts stop, at a very early hour in the morning, to further dilute the swill which has already been once diluted.

Daybreak is the hour chosen for this delicate operation. But there are some who rise as early as the swill milkmaids. One man in particular has been observed by our informants. He visits the pump every morning, fills one of his cans

from the pump, then after letting his horse drink out of it he distributes the balance of the water among the other milk cans.

Outside View of the Swill Milk Cooling-House.

Our picture on page 361 gives an actual view of the exterior of a swill milk cooling-house. Its uses will be described in another article, also the purposes of the small pond near the window.

Description of the Interior of the Swill Milk Cooling-House.

In this interesting locality the cans containing the delectable liquid, boiling hot swill milk, are placed to cool. The vats are partly filled with water, the cans are placed therein, and water is added to the milk at the proper time. These vats have heavy covers, which are closed down in hot weather to keep out the heat. The men hand in the water in buckets, which is taken from a small pond situated just below the window at the rear.

Description of the Swill-Stable Yard.

Our cut on page 368 gives a perfect view of the yard of one of the stables which surround the distilleries of Messrs. Wilson and Husted. There we see milk cans associated with dead and rotting animals; every imaginable kind of filth, fetid manure, bones and every disgusting accessory of dirt, including the men, who are of the dirtiest, will be found in the precincts from whence we draw our country milk. There we see the various carts which perambulate the cities of New York and Brooklyn, bearing the inviting inscriptions, "Pure Orange County Milk," "Grass Fed Milk," "Pure Country Milk," &c., &c. Here, too, may be seen the numberless ox-carts, each containing a barrel, which being filled, is carted off to the surrounding villages, to feed the country cows that help to supply the city with the lacteal liquid. It is a beautiful business, truly! The more we stir it the viler its odor becomes.

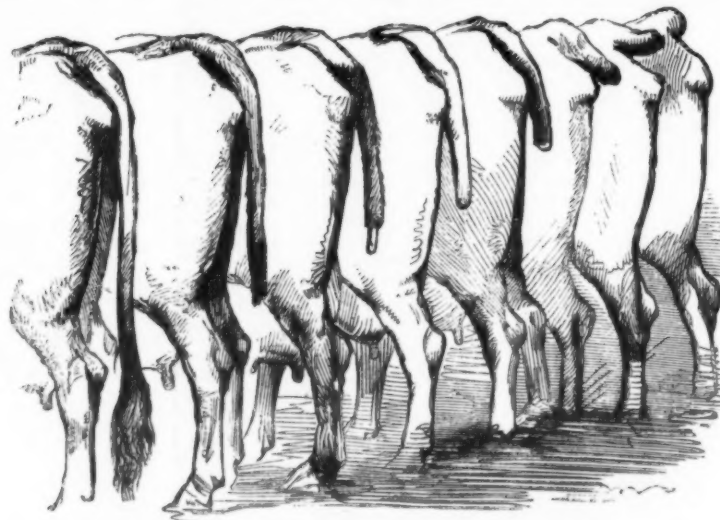
Attack upon our Artist by the Swill "Milkmaids."—His Statement. I arrived at the distillery and stables in Skillman street about

half-past four on Friday some of the "swill milkmaids" with shouts of laughter and sketching a swill tank near Husted's distillery, and watching the men filling the ox-carts with swill from a tank, to be conveyed into the country, to feed the cows which yield pure country grass-fed milk! I had not been at work a few minutes when a heavy stone struck me close by my head, and another fell at my feet. I then moved up Skillman street to sketch a tank near Wilson's distillery and having completed my

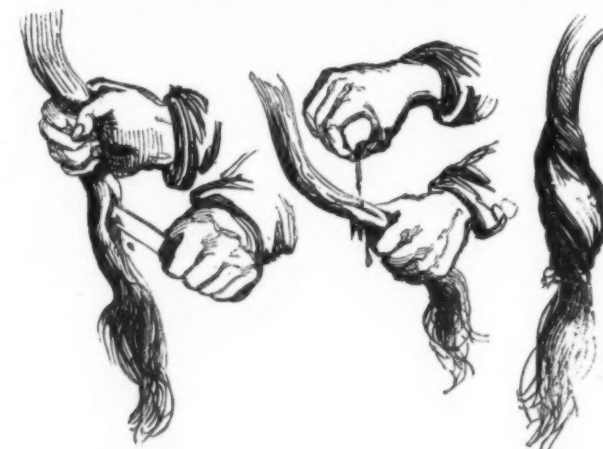
sketch, amid the gross abuse of the men around me, I returned to my first stopping-place, to finish my work. On seeing me approach the men (milkmaids) poured out of the stable armed with clubs, brooms, &c., and treated me to a volley of stones. Men whom I judged to be the owners were with them; and perceiving another demonstration against me at hand, I spoke to them, saying that I did not mind a joke, but it might be carried too far. They treated the matter with indifference, and the manner gave encouragement to the men to commit further outrages. "those delicate milkmaids!" then advanced in a body, and treated



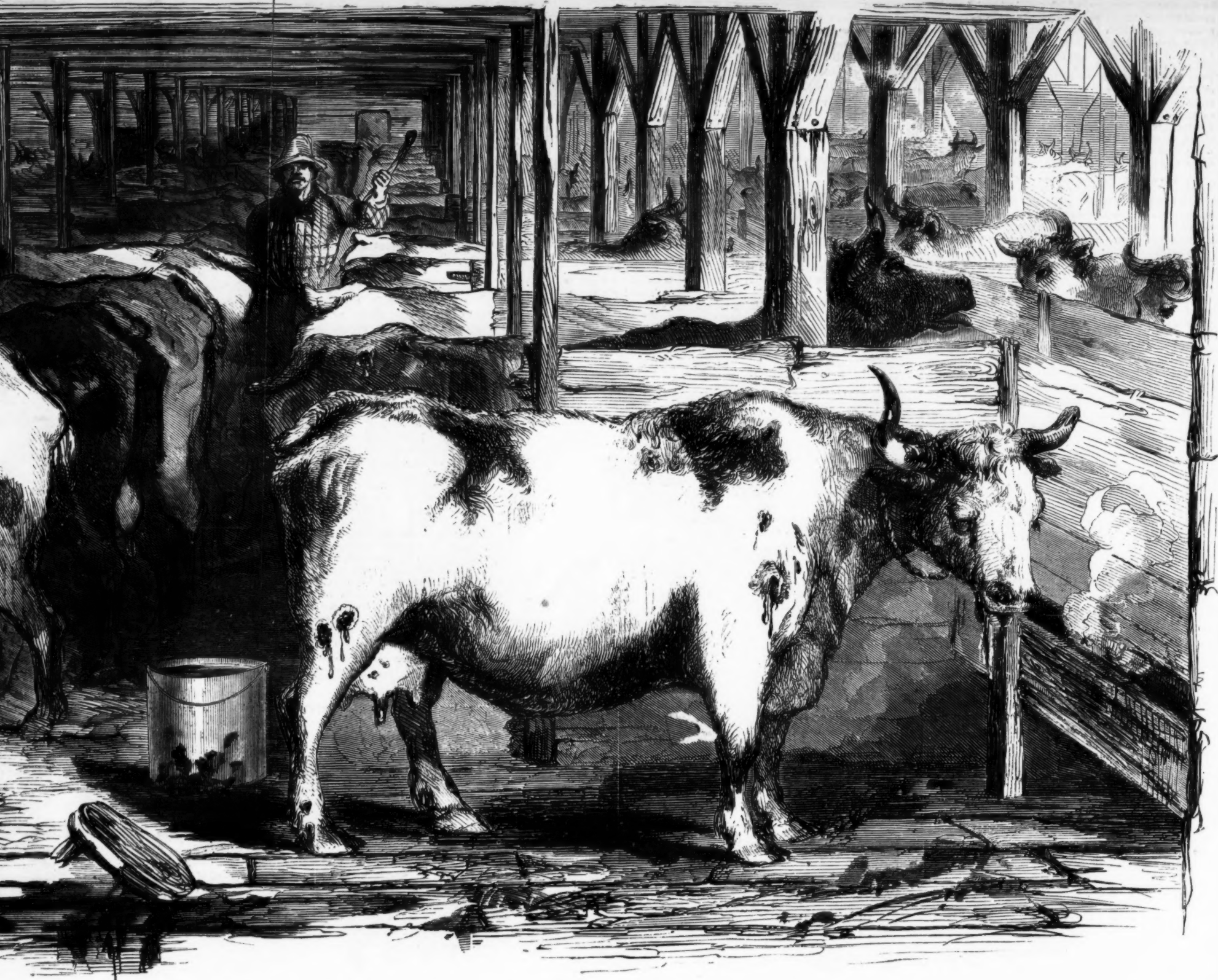
INTERIOR VIEW OF SHANTY FOR COOLING CANS AND WATERING MILK, CONNECTED WITH THE COW STABLES.



THIS ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF THE TAIL OF THE COW, FROM THE TIME THE ANIMAL FIRST ENTERS THE SWILL STABLES UNTIL THE TAIL ROTS OFF FROM THE DISEASE AFTER THE INOCULATION.



INOCULATING THE COW FOR THE SWILL MILK STABLE DISEASE.—1, MAKING THE INCISION IN THE TAIL; 2, INSERTING THE VIRUS; 3, THE INOCULATED TAIL BOUND UP.



Y, CORNER OF FLUSHING AVENUE AND SKILLMAN STREET, BROOKLYN.—TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

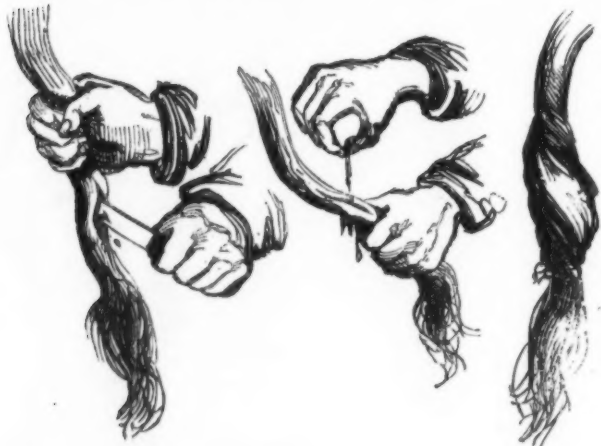
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Our cut on page 368 gives a perfect view of the yard of one of the stables which surround the distilleries of Messrs. Wilson and Husted. There we see milk cans associated with dead and rotting animals; every imaginable kind of filth, fetid manure, bones and every disgusting accessory of dirt, including the men, who are of the dirtiest, will be found in the precincts from whence we draw our country milk. There we see the various carts which perambulate the cities of New York and Brooklyn, bearing the inviting inscriptions, "Pure Orange County Milk," "Grass Fed Milk," "Pure Country Milk," &c., &c. Here, too, may be seen the numberless ox-carts, each containing a barrel, which being filled, is carted off to the surrounding villages, to feed the country cows that help to supply the city with the lacteal liquid. It is a beautiful business, truly! The more we stir it the viler its odor becomes.

Attack upon our Artist by the Swill "Milkmaids."—His Statement.

I arrived at the distillery and stables in Skillman street about

half-past four on Friday afternoon. As I passed the stables, some of the "swill milkmaids" recognized me, and greeted me with shouts of laughter and derision. I stood in Skillman street sketching a swill tank near Husted's distillery, and watching the men filling the ox-cart barrels with swill from said tank, to be conveyed into the country, to feed the cows which yield pure country grass-fed milk! I had only been at work a few minutes when a heavy stone struck a tree close by me, and another fell at my feet. I then moved up Skillman street to sketch a tank near Wilson's distillery, and having completed my sketch, amid the gross abuse of the men around me, I returned to my first stopping-place, to finish my work there. On seeing me approach the men (milkmaids) poured out of the stables armed with clubs, brooms, &c., and treated me to a volley of stones. Men whom I judged to be the owners were with them; and perceiving another demonstration against me at hand, I spoke to them, saying that I did not mind a joke, but it might be carried too far. They treated the matter with indifference, and their manner gave encouragement to the men to commit further outrages, for "those delicate milkmaids!" then advanced in a body, and treated

me to a volley of every miscellaneous missile, including stones, sticks and old boots. I retreated slowly, followed steadily by the mob, who were only prevented from rushing in upon me



INOCULATING THE COW FOR THE SWILL MILK STABLE DISEASE.—
1, MAKING THE INCISION IN THE TAIL; 2, INSERTING THE VIRUS;
3, THE INOCULATED TAIL BOUND UP.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF SHANLY, NEAR THE STABLES, FOR COOLING CANS, AND POND FOR DILUTING THE MILK.

by the fear of a revolver, which they believed I carried in my left breast pocket. Thus I followed up Skillman street to Park avenue, down which I turned, and the mob halted. One man, better dressed than the rest, continually urged on the men to "kill the d-d Dutchman!" "down with him," &c., &c. I passed on to Mr. Hildreth's house, corner of Franklin street and Park avenue, and saw the mob again congregating at the corner of Flushing avenue and Franklin, evidently in wait for me. I, however, disappointed them, and took another direction for the cars. This attack was entirely unwarrantable and unprovoked. I entered no building, made no remark, but stood in the public street, where I had a perfect right to be. I can only account for this attack by supposing that these men dread an exposure of the disgusting details of their horrible business.

Dastardly Outrage on one of our Agents by the Swill "Milkmaids."

In connection with the subject to which we have devoted our present number, we have to record a gross outrage committed upon one of the detectives in our employ during his investigation of this abomination. Some of the men, acting doubtless under the direction of the proprietors of the swill milk distilleries, attacked Mr. Burtis as he was driving in East Brooklyn; they released the horse from its harness, and then proceeded to deliberately break our wagon into fragments, which they threw into the creek, where it now remains, an evidence of the desperate lengths they are driven to by our exposure of their nefarious practices. We proceeded next morning to Brooklyn, and had warrants issued against the perpetrators of this dastardly violence. Such high-handed outrages shall not deter us from doing our duty to the community, but will, on the contrary, incite us in our exertions till we have broken up their diabolical system.

Still Further Outrages.

Since writing the foregoing our friend Mr. J. T. Hildreth has called, and informed us that an abortive attempt was made on the same night to fire his premises. It may be remembered that this gentleman made himself obnoxious by a petition presented to the Common Council against the entire colony of these swill milk stables, and which at one time resulted in their burning down his stables and outhouses, when much valuable property was destroyed. Mr. Hildreth, however, like ourselves, is not to be deterred from the fulfillment of a great duty by these manifestations of malice, as we know the law is sufficiently powerful to punish the guilty, saying nothing of the support which the public cannot fail to give to all who grapple with such giant enormities. Full details of these outrages will appear in our next, illustrated with sketches of the scenes of the attack on our employes by these ruffians.

We must rest our case here for this week. In our next we shall continue the subject, and show the wives and mothers of New York and Brooklyn still more clearly why they should refuse the continuance of this frightful evil. The subject will be fully and strikingly illustrated throughout, in order to place every fact plainly and understandingly before every eye.

ROUTES OF THE WAGONS CARRYING SWILL MILK FROM THE BROOKLYN DISTILLERIES,

WITH THE NUMBER OF THE HOUSES WHERE THE SWILL MILK WAS SERVED. REPORTED BY OUR DETECTIVES.

Route No. 1.—No Name on Cart.

Grand street, 580
Third street, 331, 335, 340
Fifth street, 270
Sixth street, 369, 379
East Eighth street, 395, 398, 406
East Eleventh street, 209, 214
East Twelfth street, 187
East Thirteenth street, 188, 205
East Fourteenth street, 143, 199
East Sixteenth street, 44
East Seventeenth street, 34

Route No. 2.—No Name on Cart.

Fulton street, 2, 3, 4, 7
Barely street, 15
Corner of Washington and Mulberry street, 131, grocery
Robinson streets, C. L. Tim— one can
merman, 239; here the grocer Second street, 3, grocery, can
found fault with the milk, Third avenue, 78, P. Corwin,
which was emptied in the grocery, one can
street, and the can washed out Bowery, 135, 122
and refilled
West street, 176
Greenwich street, 331
Hudson street, 42
Vesey street, 102 *

* Since our first edition, Mr. Wandell, 102 Vesey street, has called and stated that the swill milk left before his house was not for him but his neighbors. He produced a paper certifying that he purchased milk from a retailer of the pure country article. Two of our detectives at different times saw the swill milk left before 102—but one inference could be drawn from the fact. If all the milk left at the establishment is purchased from the writer of the certificate, we will withdraw the number.

We publish the list in the belief that the consumers do not know the filth they purchase—not for their condemnation, but their information.

Route No. 3.—T. Fitzpatrick.

Frankfort street, 51, German City Hall place, 34, grocery
boarding-house
Chambers st., 14 boarding-house
Mulberry street, 15

Route No. 4.—Peter Clark, Long Island, 15 Cans.

South street, 64, two cans
" " 46, one can
" " 36, one can
" " 46, one can
State street, 9
Battery place, 2, one can
Pearl street, 4, 6, 8
Morris street, 13, two cans

Route No. 5.—Driver, — Phelps.

Beekman street, 16, Mitchell & Vesey street, 102,* eating-house,
Blain's restaurant, two cans
Fulton street, 27
" " corner of Front, res-
taurant, two large and one
small can
Wall street, shanty near the
foot, small can
Coenties slip, shanty in middle
of the street, small can
Whitehall and South streets,
Eastern Hotel

The parties taking this route were stopped at the Second Ward station-house, at the instigation of the driver of the swill milk cart, but the sergeant on duty, on learning the state of the case, told the driver to go about his business, and detained our agents no longer. The driver led our men quite a round up and down the streets half a dozen times, in the hope of throwing them off the scent. But the odor of swill milk is too powerful.

Water street, corner of Dover, Water street, 325, basement
one can
Roosevelt street, 122

ROUTES OF THE WAGONS CARRYING SWILL MILK FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET DISTILLERY,

WITH THE NUMBER OF THE HOUSES WHERE THE SWILL MILK WAS SERVED. REPORTED BY OUR DETECTIVES.

Route No. 1.—G. N. Timm.

Twenty-sixth street, corner of
Tenth avenue, grocery, one
can
Eighteenth street, corner Ninth
avenue, grocery, one can
Fourth street, corner of Perry,
grocery, one can
Caroline street, 49, corner of
Bedford, grocery, one can
Spring street, 18
Broome street, 452

Route No. 2.—Morrisania Milk, 5 Cans, No Name on Cart
Varick street, 148
Sixth avenue, 91, dining saloon
Minetta lane, 20, three cans
Broadway, 734, the Hone House
one can
Twelfth street, 119
East Nineteenth street, 94, 96

Our corps of detectives will continue their investigations day and night, and we shall publish their reports in our next.

Further revelations and illustrations of the nefarious swill milk trade will appear in our next issue.

P. S. Since our first edition this morning we have received many communications from parties named in our route lists, thanking us for exposing the swill milk manufacture, and informing us that they had changed their milkmen. We shall publish the letters in our next.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.

A new Comic Drama,
THE LOVE KNOT.
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, \$1.

LOLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.

Return of the incomparable
RAVELS.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME,
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
formances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene,.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE.
Doors open at 7; the performance commences at 8 o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original

Moral Drama.
Engagement of the accomplished and versatile
Miss SUSAN DENIN.
Every Evening at 7½ o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noons at 3 o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 663 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original
sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panoramas, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7½ o'clock precisely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1868.

Our Exposure of the Swill Milk System of New York and Brooklyn.

We have entered upon this task with the determination to pursue it to the end. We shall not in any way attempt to exaggerate the evil, or give to it a warmer coloring than truth demands. We have waited in vain to see this subject taken up seriously, earnestly, fearlessly and persistently by the several daily papers, but we have waited in vain. Politics or subjects of local interest bearing immediately upon private and personal objects, occupy exclusively the serious attention of the daily editors, while the subject of which we now treat is passed over with an occasional and indifferent remark.

Those who read our columns this week will understand the subject in its true bearings; will appreciate its importance; will realize all the horrors of the traffic, and see with unveiled eyes the horrible phantom of disease and death stalking in our midst, and entering every home, from whence shortly after passes out a corpse.

Every possible obstacle has been thrown in our way in our attempt to investigate facts, and take accurate observations and drawings. Our artists have been assaulted with stones and sticks; our agents dragged from their wagon, and the wagon smashed to pieces and thrown into the creek. Our friends have been threatened with death and houses to be burned, in short everything that could be done has been done to stop inquiry and prevent exposure, but we shall persevere in spite of all opposition till we have laid bare the whole system of domestic murder.

The deception practised on the public is wide-spread; it does not begin and end with the distilleries, but many of the so-called "Pure Country Milk" companies are seriously implicated, and shall have a due share of our salutary exposure.

This subject appeals directly to women, for woman and her young offspring are the real sufferers. It is to protect them that our energies are tasked, and we will not tire in our efforts until at least one of their social wrongs is remedied. To them we appeal—let them urge the agitation of this subject unceasingly and second our holy work. With such aid our success is certain.

The World's Aspect.

WHAT Talleyrand said of the Bourbons, "that they forgot nothing, and learned still less," may be applied to all despots, as well as to the French nation itself. For that great and volatile people, history seems to have been written in vain; every generation produces its monster, whose childhood is discontent, and

whose manhood is revolution, which finally becomes a military despotism, to expire in a general European war, twice ending in the capture of Paris by combined Europe. A calm observer would naturally conclude that, with such terrible lessons as 1790 and 1816 before them, a nation, however thoughtless, would rest content with the noble position enjoyed by France at the close of the Russian war; but every succeeding arrival seems to indicate that nothing except a war with some European power can prevent the French nation from fighting among themselves. Torn into the contending factions of Bonapartists, Orleanists, Legitimists and Red Republicans, the soul of patriotism has expired in party violence. Every one of these parties know what the end of such an experiment must be; but each hopes it will afford an opportunity of becoming the dominant faction in the country. Discussion or repression seems to intoxicate the French as strong drink does other races; and they grow more and more excited, till they are fast becoming what the London Times pronounced them a few weeks ago, "the disturbers of human progress, and the nuisance of the world!" What more than all speaks their insanity, is the strange infatuation they have for going to war with that very power with whom their conflicts have invariably ended disastrously. No moth ever fluttered more perseveringly around its destroying flame, than the restlessness of France dashes itself against the rock of their ancient foe. It is, therefore, a very alarming fact that the repose of Europe should depend upon France, as much as though it were her pillow; and indeed, till all Germany has free and constitutional governments, this must inevitably be the case. Thus the despots of the Continent propagate the avenging power which never permits to them a moment's peace.

At the present crisis Austria holds her solidarity by an immense army. Indeed, the Continental nations resemble families who can only preserve quiet by keeping the police in the house. Italy is more an open dungeon than a country, and Russia is undergoing the process of what may be called vaccinating for freedom. That this will diminish the danger is undoubted. To carry on the simile, she will take her revolution very mildly. Nevertheless, for a few years she will lose some of the rude strength that has hitherto made her so important an European element.

Prussia is in the most satisfactory state of all the German Powers, and her intimate alliance with Russia gives her a stability not belonging to her neighbors.

This is the condition of the great military Powers, upon which a Napoleonic bomb may fall as suddenly as fell that of Orsini in the Rue de Pelletiers. Let us trust, not alone for the sake of humanity, for the sake of our own Republic, that the gathering clouds may pass off without bursting into a storm which must devastate the world. We shall take an early opportunity of showing our own intimate concern in the preservation of peace.

We are too Fast.

It was our mission a few days since to assist at a supper on board one of the Boston steamers, then passing through Long Island Sound at the rate of a score of miles an hour. We lacked a certain dish which lay beyond the length of our arm, and in our want appealed to our next neighbor, whom we hated to interrupt, a glance showing us plainly the poor fellow had not tasted food for a great length of time, from the voracious way he engulfed it. Our request was met with, "Can't do it, sir, I'm in a hurry—going to Boston." The gentleman accordingly hurried on his way to Boston, and we waited.

Now, perhaps some may think this a joke. If so we assure them it is solid earnest; it is characteristic; it is American. We are all like the man going to Boston; we are in a hurry; we cannot stop. Europeans coming among us are startled at the air of bustle and haste that pervades everything. They stare in astonishment at the crowds in the hotels who rush at the first stroke of the gong, despatch a dinner of six removes in fifteen minutes, and on the sixteenth are puffing a cigar on their way back to business. This is but a type of the whole. It permeates every moment of our lives, enters upon all our pleasures. We live in a hurry, we love in a hurry, and we die in a hurry. The result is that everything American partakes of a champagney flavor. There is no stability. Age is no recommendation. We roam through the green fields, and admire some picturesque run of water. The next day we attempt to pass over the same ground, and run against a full-fledged town, or fail to recognize our stream from its doing duty in turning the wheels of a dozen or two of mills. We are told that a certain commercial house has stood under the same name and credit for half a century. We of course set them down as slow business men. Had they been up with the age they would have made fortunes and retired in one-fifth the time. We build magnificent steamers; for style and speed they have no equal; we put in fast men for engineers and commanders, and are speedily shocked with an explosion or wreck, and five hundred lives the penalty. Our palaces are brilliant in marble and gold, and—have the stability of paste-board. Every twenty years our towns must be rebuilt, every ten years our houses must be refurnished. We cannot see the respectability of old houses, old furniture; all must be precarious, to suit our tastes, even to our business contracts. We legislate to this end. Every law that tends to the perpetuation of property in families is abnegated. Not that we believe such laws would tend to our stability, but wherever such laws are enacted society seems to rest upon a firm basis, and the mass of the people live slower and live longer. We want something to make us feel that as a people we are spending too much money. That, with our great resources and immense productive power, we are saving nothing. This may do while we are young, but age creeps on nations as it does on individuals, and if no provision is made, or if the resources of youth are squandered, physical and mental debility follows as a sequence, and the fate of Rome is but an example for all coming time. England in her youth and middle age was not given to luxury or dissipation, and now when she has reached her fulness of years she can afford to be profuse, in view of her great wealth. We in our youth are spending our earnings on silks, broadcloths, wines, brandies and superfluities; we vie with each other as individuals in our display; we live beyond or fully up to our incomes; we have no balance at the end of the years, our acts as individuals are reflected as a whole in our one act as a nation, and we find, on striking the national account with the world, that our great industry is absorbed, and we have no money to receive, or in other words, that we have lived too fast.

The lesson to be learned from the late panic is this; that it is our duty to keep a cash balance to our credit with the nations to whom we trade. We are precisely on the same footing as a mer-

chant who, having notes to pay, and living up to all he makes, has no money in bank. He depends entirely upon his collections, south and west, the exchanges are disturbed, he cannot collect, and of course he cannot pay. He suddenly becomes aware he has spent too much money, and accordingly retrenches. Soon he sees the benefit by a glance at his bank-book, which shows a good margin.

This is now the position of America. The panic startled her into a spasmodic economy, she ceased for awhile to import, people had no money, and so perforce they did not buy. The result is that instead of shipping away specie to pay the debts incurred by living too fast, we are keeping it at home, or perhaps receiving a little of it ourselves from the other side. Exchange is at par, or slightly in our favor, one of those rare occurrences in the commercial world for which we earnestly pray a repetition. As our wives and daughters repudiate silks and damasks, and we French wines and Havana cigars, so shall we expect to see exchange continue at par, or strongly in our favor. It is as much an endorsement for us as a people, as the fact for a business man that his paper can be cashed at less than legal interest. Let us therefore live slower and be more respectable.

Our May Magazine.

THE May number of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE is acknowledged by the great body of the press of the country to be the finest number of this popular and beautiful magazine yet issued. The new tale, "Myra, the Gipsy Prophetess," written especially for us by January Searle, Esq., and commenced in this number, is a work of rare literary merit, abounding in interest, sketches of character and adventure, and remarkable as a powerful and faithful transcript of actual life. It is illustrated by many exquisite drawings. The general contents are of high literary merit, combining amusement, interest and instruction. The Fashion department is of the greatest importance, as it illustrates by numerous beautiful cuts the mode to be adopted for the present season. The NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE is the largest, the most elegant, the most lavishly illustrated publication in the world, and the May number excels all its predecessors.

Editorial Brevities.

A RARE INSTANCE OF PATIENT MECHANICAL LABOR.—We have been favored with a view of two specimens of curious and patient labor which we think can hardly be excelled. They are works of penmanship executed by Mr. David Davidson, of Broadway, and are worthy of a distinguished place in any cabinet of rare and curious things. A casual glance at the specimens led us to believe them ornamental designs, shaded by a sort of exceedingly fine lace-work, but on examining them more closely that which we supposed to be lace-work was in reality writing, so minute as to require close looking into, but still clear, legible and fairly formed writing. In one specimen, in a space of fourteen inches square, including the figure or design, was inscribed, in writings of various characters, the longest chapter in the Bible, the second chapter of Exodus, including the Ten Commandments. It is scarcely possible to convey to the reader an idea of this remarkable performance. To appreciate the snail-like labor, the painful mathematical calculation as to space and order, the variety of texts, the dangers of one slip of the pen, the slightest blot, the error of a word, any one of which accidents would annihilate the tedious labor of weeks—to appreciate all this the work must be seen. The other specimen was equally remarkable as an evidence of prodigious patience and untiring perseverance. To the curious in works of human labor and ingenuity, these specimens of pen craft cannot fail to be highly interesting. But few such are to be found in the world, and those whose wealth enables them to gather curious and valuable things around them, would do well to call on Mr. Davidson and examine what we have tried to describe.

THE MEADE BROTHERS.

THE PRIESTS OF THE SUN.—BY WM. ROSS WALLACE.

Let them sing as they will of the broad grandeur won
At their altars, by Peru's old priests of the sun;
It was theirs to take life from the pale victims bound—
By the sacrifice-shrine with blood flowing around.
But behold how much grander the Meade Brothers shine
At the art that may well be called almost divine;
It is theirs to keep life as it glows in the face
Of their lovely and strong of Humanity's race,
And so down the far-stretching river of time
Send the Beauty, the Merchant and Statesman sublime.
Yes, Brothers, ye have the true laurel wreath won,
With the Photograph standing true priests of the sun!

—A minister looking at the figures in the full moon saw a cathedral; a young lady standing by his side saw a marriage ceremony. How different the same thing looks to different eyes.

—An enthusiastic art-lover being inspired while inspecting the private picture gallery of Dr. Gouraud, sends us the following:

LINES TO A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. GOURAUD.

There is a picture on the Doctor's wall—
It is a landscape, with some vine-clad towers
Seated upon a sunny eminence,
At whose dusk foot the rocky waters brawl
Their mellow gurglings through the sleeping hours,
As though to gently soothe the wearied sense
Of those reclining figures! Oh, that I
Were but a painted shadow, like to them
Who gazing idly at the painted sky,
Feel blessed quiet, the brain's diadem!

—The rumor started by a malicious contemporary, that the people of Paterson, N. J., intended to buy the Collins' line of steamers, and run them in connection with patent spring-seated stages between that town and New York, is indignantly denied by "respected authority."

MUSIC.

OUR musical notices are unavoidably crowded out this week.

DRAMA.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The "Love Knot" has been the chief attraction at this favorite theatre during the week, and has maintained its ground with much *féclat*. "Spring and Autumn," with the "Poor Gentleman," have aided in drawing fair audiences.

LAURA KENNEDY'S THEATRE.—"Blanche of Brandywine," which we so fully noticed last week, has continued to call forth much genuine enthusiasm. There is no doubt it will have a long run.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—It is an unanswerable proof of Mr. and Mrs. Waller's great merits that they have sustained the legitimate drama on their shoulders another week. "Hamlet" and "Bertram" were played in excellent style. It is to be regretted that the star system renders their permanent stay among us impossible.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The incomparable Ravens, as Byron would have called them had he seen them, are rapidly drawing near the end of their public labors. Instead of "off macassar" the great poet would have written,

"And I have never in my life's long travels
Seen aught like the incomparable Ravens."
The New Yorkers will hardly be able to realize the fact that so popular an institution as the Ravens can depart.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The Scotch drama of "Lord Darnley," with "Your Life in Danger," have been the dramatic amusements in the lecture-room, while the ten thousand curiosities of the Museum are equally food for the young and old.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—Public announcements sometimes overstep the exact fact; but that admirable manager, Mr. Wood, has hardly come up to the truth of the "Sleigh-ride." It is prodigious, and the two Georges are quite equal to Thackeray's "Four Georges." For song and fun let all try a sleigh-ride.

A COUPLE OF YARNS.

By the Colonel.

YARN I.—DICKENS.

TWENTY years ago I was rusticationing on the banks of the Mississippi, where I had a log cabin and clearing. Now and then I took a turn down that yellow flood in a flatboat, and saw a little of human nature in the rough. I had walked with a friend one day to the landing, where we waited for one of these floating "broad horses" to take us to Bayou Sara, some one hundred miles or more above New Orleans. As we sat on the trunk of a tree, smoking our cheroots, we saw the object of our look-out approach.

"What in thunder is the critter called?" asked my friend.

I looked and beheld, painted with a whitewash brush on the boat, in large letters, a name now a household word, thus:

SAM VELLER.

"Ah, that's the captain's name," said I.

In a few minutes we were on board. After taking a look at our fellow-voyagers, who were sixty or seventy of the roughest kind of humanity ever put into breeches, we were about lighting another cigar, when the captain came up for our fare. As I paid it I said, "Here's the rag, Captain Veller," handing him a five-dollar bill.

"Captain Veller!" said he, grinning so wide that it looked more like the Maelstrom than a human mouth; "I like that! My name is not Veller. What made you think it was, eh, stranger?"

"Waal," said I, "it's painted so on your boat, anyhow."

Again the captain grinned and said,

"That's named after a Britisher whose life I've been reading—you shall see;" saying which he disappeared. He soon returned with a pamphlet in his hand. "Here's all about Sam Veller, stranger; I picked this one up in St. Louis, and I have read it over every spare hour. It's first-rate. Lookye here, I'll lend this to you for an hour while we go down; just read it, and if you don't laugh, you're a Dutchman, you are."

He handed the paper trifle to me. It was a dirty, paper-covered thing, the color of which had once been a bright green, but was now toned down to a fine amber with dirt and grease.

Anything to read is better than nothing on the Mississippi. Throwing myself down on the deck against a pile of luggage, I began to read. Outside it was THE PICKWICK PAPERS, edited by Boz. I had never heard either of the names before. I had hardly got through a page, when the captain came up and said,

"Stranger, how do you like Sam Veller?"

"I don't see anything about Sam Veller as yet!"

"You will, though," said he, walking away. Then returning a few steps, "Call me when you come to Sam; he's a snorter and a hull team, with a dash of the alligator!"

In a few minutes I read to where Sam Veller was introduced; I laughed outright. The captain heard it; up he came.

"Stranger, isn't that awful funny? Lookye here, just do me a favor, will you?"

"Certainly," said I, "what is it?"

"Will you read that ere Sam Veller out aloud to the passengers, and I'll stand drinks?"

He looked at me so earnest that I consented. In a few minutes I had gathered around me as queer a lot as Noah had when he found himself afloat in the ark. There were creeping things in the shape of politicians—elephants in conceit, such as actors—alligators in the disguise of lawyers—lions as backwood-men—indeed almost every class had its representative, except fashion and the Gospel.

As I read, the captain ran his eye along the faces of my auditors, and from knowing the contents by heart, acted as fagman, and showed them where the laugh was to come in.

Its effect was certainly most conclusive as to the power of this unknown writer; and when I returned the little pamphlet to the captain, I resolved to do my utmost to get the rest of this extraordinary work. After considerable exertion I succeeded in obtaining a copy of the whole work from New York, but remained for a year or two in ignorance of who Boz really was.

YARN II.—THACKERAY.

As a sort of contrast let me relate the first introduction of our renowned marine architect, George Steers, to Mr. Thackeray, the far-famed Snob writer. Some two years ago, while our celebrated countryman was building the Niagara, New York was honored by the presence of the author of the "Virginians," the defender of George the Third, and the gentle letter-down of that much overrated man, in Thackeray's opinion, George Washington. Of course some of the press rallied around their master, as flunkies ought to do. A party of sub-editors implored the distinction of showing him over the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as they were very anxious to get his approval of that institution, which, like Astor's indorsement on a doubtful bill, might render it of some value. A day was appointed—fine weather, cocktails and ferry road were provided utterly regardless of expense, and the arbiter *elegantiarum* of Snobdom, accompanied by his body-guard, resolved to march into the bowels of Brooklyn. Great were the pains taken by the various members of his suite to call the novelist's attention to all the wonders of our metropolis.

"That's a packet ship, Mr. Thackeray," said Jones, "perhaps the finest one on the bosom of the circumambient ocean!"

Thackeray wiped his spectacles, put them on, looked scrutinizingly, and said, "Thankee—so that's a ship."

"Decidedly," said Curtiss.

He was rescued from these two lords in waiting by another, who said, "Mr. Thackeray—"

"Sir!" replied the Englishman.

"That's one of our river steamers."

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes, perhaps the finest afloat. May I ask your opinion of it?"

"My opinion is—"(here the gentlemen took out their note books and brandished their pencils.)

He was, however, interrupted by one of the hitherto neglected guard, who said, with an emphasis nothing could withstand, "Mr. Thackeray, this is our East River; you don't often see such a stream in your country. What do you think of our river, sir?"

"Why," said Thackeray, (here all sharpened their pencils once more,) "the water does not look quite so wet as our water does, but that may be owing to the dry weather you have here, and it often rains in England."

"Mr. Thackeray," they all said in a chorus, "that is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful and original remarks that ever came from even your celebrated pen. Do us the favor of repeating it for the benefit of our readers."

At this instant the boat touched the shore, and the great author and his body-guard marched with flying colors into the Navy Yard. As they entered one told Thackeray that the sentinel at the gate was a soldier.

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the almost astounded Briton; "you don't say so. Is he a horse soldier, or one of the cavalry?"

This stumped his informant, and so he let another of the guard tell their guest that those large looking pills, piled up in a pyramid, were cannon balls, and that he should be glad to have his candid opinion of them without any reference to national prejudices.

Thackeray approached the pyramidal pile, took one up with his

hand, balanced it, took a profound smell at it, and then gave it as his deliberate conviction that "they were decidedly round, almost as hard as Dutch cheeses, and he did not hesitate to assert that, if they were violently fired from a cannon amply charged with dry gunpowder, he thought it very likely they might possibly do a man some injury."

He was about throwing the cannon ball down, when one of the band seized it, and pasting a bit of paper upon it, wrote, "This is the identical ball Mr. Thackeray uttered his memorable opinion on, April 1, 1856!" This now forms the chief ornament of the gentleman's drawing-room.

The body-guard was delighted at this handsome tribute to the greatness and power of our glorious Republic, and agreed that it was a withering answer to those who said that England undervalued our institutions. One offered to stand drinks at the first corner grocery, on condition of giving the toast that this broad acknowledgment would for ever render a war between the two countries impossible. They all then by turns took the great novelist's hand, and having pumped at it for about an hour, declared that if all Britishers were like him, they would be very different from what they are.

At last they were all on board that triumph of George Steers' genius, the Niagara, for ever associated with the sublimest achievement of the age—the laying down of the spinal marrow between the hitherto disaffected twins of Anglo-Saxon freedom.

Great was the triumph of the body-guard when they got the Sketcher of Snobs on board the wonderful Niagara. Newton never felt prouder of his discovery by apples of the force of gravitation than this heroic band. Approaching George Steers, who was, as usual, working without his coat, like a common mechanic, and fashioning a trenail with an adze, Mr. Curtiss said, in a mysterious tone of voice, hushed into a *sotto voce*, "Steers!" The great builder looked up. "Do you see that gentleman at the other end of the deck?"

"Which? There are nearly a dozen!"

"That," replied the other, pointing to Thackeray.

Oh! that fat-looking chap, with the broken nose, iron-gray hair, and barnacles?" inquired Steers.

"Yes!" said the other, half-shocked at this blasphemous expression.

"Well?" said Steers.

"Do you know who that is?" inquired the avant courier, with all the importance of a man who expects to double up his companion with the intelligence he is bursting with.

"No," said Steers. "How should I?"

"That's"—here he took a breath—"Thackeray!" replied his companion.

"And who the hell is Thackeray?" said Steers, with a stolid expression of countenance.

The poor fellow walks about New York to this very day, not having yet recovered from his astonishment at the architect's exclamation!

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE; OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

THE Bucyrus Journal, an Ohio paper, gives the following account of a recent marriage in that city:

Twelve years ago the bride was a young lady of seventeen, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, named Patterson, in New York. In her father's employ was a young man named Robert Bonar, who fell in love with her. She reciprocated the passion, and they plighted their troth to each other. The father, hearing of this, sent Robert on a tour West to collect some moneys, and in the meantime forced his daughter, whose name was Rhoda, to marry the son of a bank president, named Robinson. On his return Robert found his betrothed married; he was deliberating on the best method of suicide, when a kick from a vicious horse killed the interloping husband. Robert at once consoled the widow, and determined, when the year of mourning had expired, to pop the question. When that time had gone, he threw himself on his knees and pressed his claim to her once promised hand. What was his horror to find that she had engaged herself some months before to a young lawyer, and that in a week they were to be married. Robert was so heartbroken that he left New York, and went to Syracuse, where he became engaged with Mr. Van Zandt, the brilliant editor of the *Star* of that city.

In that year the cholera carried off the fair Rhoda's second husband. Robert did not hear of this till three months afterwards. Rushing up to New York he again urged his suit, but was met by the lady's mournful declaration that the partnership accounts were in such a mess that she was obliged to marry her late husband's partner to get them wound up satisfactorily. She, however, asked him to the wedding, assuring him that her approaching marriage was entirely one of interest, and that her heart was, as ever, all his own. The unhappy Robert declined assisting at the nuptial ceremonies save as a principal, and drowned his sorrow in a first-rate dinner at Delmonico's.

She was married the next day. The *Herald* and the *Evening Post* had nearly a column of the gorgeous event, and they started immediately to spend the honeymoon at Saratoga. A fatality, however, pursued the husband—they were on board a lake steamer when the boiler burst, the vessel was wrecked, the husband, Mr. Charles Seymour, of Pearl street, was drowned, and the unhappy Rhoda was only saved through the superhuman exertions of a friend who happened to be on board, and who was an admirable swimmer. The friend was young, and made such excellent use of his time, while they were in the water, that they got married almost as soon as they were dry. Poor Robert did not know of her new widowhood till he saw her fourth marriage in the papers. Indignant at her fickleness, he called upon her on her arrival in Lafayette place, and returned to her a fifty cent ambrotype, which she had given him years ago. She, however, explained the matter to his perfect satisfaction, persuaded him to receive the *gage d'amour*, and promised him faithfully that he should have the next innings.

The lady and her husband now went and settled near Bucyrus, while Robert removed to Mansfield, the next town, in order to be on hand should anything happen to her new spouse.

One day he was passing the store of the newly-married man, whose name was Smith, when he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, a shocking spectacle met his sight—poor Smith was a mangled corpse upon the floor. A cask of flour had fallen upon him just that minute from the fifth story and laid him flat as a lozenge on the floor—a shocking instance of the uncertainty of human life.

After taking one more look at the flattened mass of humanity, to be sure he was quite dead, Robert inquired if any person had been sent to acquaint the disconsolate widow with her sad bereavement. He was told, to his alarm, that the head cashier had just started as fast as his legs could carry him.

Fearing that the clerk, who was a bachelor, had designs upon her, he rushed after him. The clerk smelt a large-sized rat, and ran as though the devil were behind him. Robert put on extra steam—the veins swelled over his forehead—the clerk, whose name was Tompkins, heard the steps of his pursuer becoming nearer and nearer—off went his hat to lighten him—Robert flung his hat off also—Tompkins then slipped off his coat—so did Robert—off then went both vests—at last, side by side, they ran until they reached the Hand street bridge. The clerk stopped to pay the three cents—this crushed him, for his rival dashed through, bilking the tollman, and reached the house one minute before the other. He told her the heart-breaking news—she promised to marry him. This time she kept her word, and they were speedily united. As the fair lady had made considerable money by all her matrimonial speculations, Robert Bonar, Esq., of Arch street, Philadelphia, is a wealthy as well as a happy man. This is one of the most remarkable instances of the glorious results of perseverance on record, and speaks in thunder tones *nil desperandum!*



OLD DUTCH CHURCH, TARRYTOWN.

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AT TARRYTOWN.

THIS venerable edifice, which is still standing as a monument of the piety which distinguished the founders of the Empire State, is situated on the western bank of the Pocantico Creek, which empties into the Hudson River at Tarrytown. It is believed to be the oldest church in the State, and among the oldest in the country. The ground upon which it stands, with a large tract of territory adjacent to it, was conveyed, in 1681, by a special grant of the Indian Sachems of Weequasqueek, to the Honorable Frederick Philipse, of East Friesland, in Holland, who had a few years before taken up his residence in the colony of New Amsterdam. As soon as circumstances would permit, the church edifice was erected on its present site, and preparations were made for the celebration of divine worship. In the front of the building a tablet is inserted in the wall, which bears the inscription, "Erected and built by Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife, in 1699." This tablet, which was inserted at a period subsequent to the erection of the church, is believed to contain an error in respect to the date, which was probably occasioned by confounding the ecclesiastical organization of the church with the building of the edifice. The organization took place in 1699; the edifice was erected fifteen years before, that is, in the year 1684. The old communion-table, which was brought from Holland, and which is a most massive piece of furniture, still retains its place in front of the pulpit; and the bell, which bears the inscription, "Amsterdam, 1685, *Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos*," still sends forth occasionally the same sounds with which it broke upon the ears of the worshippers nearly two centuries ago. The church and its vicinity have been placed among the notabilities of the country by two circumstances, which can never be forgotten so long as patriotism and the love of a graceful literature continue to be cherished by the American people; the one being the capture of Major André, which took place about a mile south of the church, and the other, the description of the building and its locality in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by the classic pen of Washington Irving.

THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

SITUATED in the most ancient quarter of the city of Saragossa is the leaning tower represented in our illustration. This remarkable structure was built under the Aragonese monarchy, long before the crowns of Aragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and Isabel, towards the close of the fifteenth century. It is lofty, and has been superficially dilapidated by the effects of time, weather and war, the masonry bearing the marks of cannon balls. The tower is divided into several stories, and was originally very thickly roofed. Its architecture is not particularly imposing. Standing out, however, amid the dark Gothic masses of houses, it constitutes an interesting object to the picture.

It is supposed that the singular inclination of the tower was originally caused by the settling down of the foundations, as was the case with the leaning tower of Pisa. At first the Spanish architects feared that the building, which has been, in its time, the scene of romance and tragedy, would ultimately topple over, and scatter its ruins over the neighborhood. Yet it remained firm, the stories being admirably joined, and at last became so knitted together as to form, apparently, a single piece.

The vicinity of this remarkable structure was the centre of many extraordinary street contests during the invasion of Spain by Napoleon, and here at its foot stood the Maid of Saragossa, when she retired from the walls to watch the progress of the famous siege, so fair and graceful that—

"Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face."

As the capital of Aragon, Saragossa possesses a double influence in national affairs. That ancient province of Spain lying along the Pyrenees, between Catalonia and Navarre, forms a territory at least two hundred miles long and a hundred wide. Enclosed by lofty mountains, it appears like the natural home of bravery and independence. In former times the other provinces of the Spanish peninsula were subdued long before Aragon, which continued to enjoy not only a separate political existence, but also many free institutions, until its union with Castile in 1474. The Inquisition, the royal police, the standing army of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, gradually abrogated its liberal laws, and placed the people at the mercy of their rulers.

It was to this city that, after the *coup d'état*, or treasonable assumption of power by Marshal O'Donnell in 1854, the Constitutionalists of Spain repaired to assert their privileges, the rights of the people, and the laws of the realm. Many a fierce conflict took place between the hostile parties; General Dulce, at the head of the royal army, on the one hand, and the national guard on the other, terminating in the surrender of the city to the royalists.

DAVENPORT DUNN
A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued

At this moment, as if to answer in the most palpable form the question he was propounding, a somewhat spruce dressed man, middle-aged and comely, entered; and, passing Beecher with all the indifference he might have bestowed on a piece of furniture, advanced to where Lizzy was standing, and taking her hand, pressed it reverently to his lips.

So far from resenting the liberty, she smiled most courteously on him, and motioned to him to take a seat on the sofa beside her.

"I can't stand this, by Jove!" said Beecher, aloud; while, with an assumption of courage his heart little responded to, he walked straight up to the stranger. "You understand English, I hope?" said he, in very indifferent French.

"Not a syllable," replied the other, in the same language. "I only know

"all right;" and he laughed pleasantly as he uttered the words in an imitation of English.

"Come, I'll not torture you any longer," said Lizzy, laughing; "read that." And she handed him the card, whereon, in her father's writing, there was, "See the count; he'll tell you everything.—C. D."

"I have heard the name before—Count Lienstahl," said Beecher to himself. "Has he seen your father? Where is he?" asked he, eagerly.

"He'll inform me on all, if you'll just give him time," said she; while the count, with an easy volubility, was pouring out a flow of words perfectly unintelligible to poor Beecher.

Whether it was the pleasure of the tidings he brought, or the delicious enjoyment of once more hearing and replying in that charming tongue that she loved so dearly, but Lizzy ceased even to look at Beecher, and only occupied herself with her new acquaintance.

Now, while we leave her thus pleasantly engaged, let us present the visitor to our reader.

Nothing could be less like the traditional "Continental count" than the plump, close-shaven, blue-eyed gentleman who sat beside Lizzy Davis, with an expression of *bonhomie* in his face that might have graced a squire of Devon. He was neither frogged nor moustached; his countenance neither boded ill to the Holy Alliance nor any close intimacy with billiards or dice-boxes. A pleasant, easy-tempered, soft-natured man he seemed, with a ready smile and a happy laugh, and an air of yielding good-humor about him that appeared to vouch for his being one none need ever dispute with. If there are few men less generally known throughout Europe, there was not one whose origin, family, fortune, and belonging were wrapped in more complete obscurity. Some said he was a Pomeranian, others called him a Swede; many believed him Russian and a few, affecting deeper knowledge, declared he was from Dalmatia. He was a count, however, of somewhere, and as certainly was he one who had the *entrée* to all the best circles of the Continent, member of its most exclusive clubs, and the intimate of those who prided themselves on being careful in their friendships. While his manners were sufficiently good to pass muster anywhere, there was about him a genial kindness, a sort of perennial pleasantness, that was welcome everywhere; he brought to society that inestimable gift of adhesiveness by which cold people and stiff people are ultimately enabled to approximate and understand each other. No matter how dull and ungainly the *salon*, he was scarcely across the doorway when you saw that an element of social kindness had just been added, and in his little caressing ways and social inquiries you recognised one who would not let condescension crush nor coldness chill him. If young people were delighted to see one so much their senior indulging in all the gay and light frivolities of life, older folk were gratified to find themselves so favorably represented by one able to dance, sing and play like the youngest in company. So artfully, too, did he contribute his talent to society that no thought of personal display could ever attach to him. It was all good nature; he played to amuse you—he danced to gratify some one else; he was full of little attentions of a thousand kinds, and you no more thought of repayment than you'd have dreamed of thanking the blessed sun for his warmth or his daylight. Such men are the *bon bons* of humanity, and even they who do not care for sweet things are pleased to see them.

If his birth and origin were mysterious, far more so were his means of life. Nobody ever heard of his agent or his banker. He neither owned nor earned, and yet there he was, as well dressed, as well cared for and as pleasant a gentleman as you could see. He played a little, but it was notorious that he was ever a loser. He was too constantly a winner in the great game of life to be fortunate as a gambler, and he could well afford to laugh at this one little mark of superficiality in Fortune. Racing and races were a passion with him; but he loved sport for itself, not as a speculation—so at least he said; and when he threw his arm over your shoulder, and said anything in that tone of genial simplicity that was special to him, I'd like to have seen the man—or, still more, the woman—who wouldn't have believed him.

The Turf—like poverty—teaches one to know strange bedfellows; and this will explain how the count and Grog Davis became acquaintances, and something more.

The grand intelligence who discovered the great financial problem of France—the *Credit Mobilier*—has proclaimed to the world that the secret lay in the simple fact, that there were industrial energies which needed capital, and capital which needed industry, and that all he avowed to accomplish was to bring these two distant but all necessary elements into close union and co-operation. Now, something of the same kind moved Grog and the count to cement their friendship; each saw that the other supplied some want of his own nature, and before they had passed an hour together they ratified an alliance. An instinct whispered to each, "We are going the same journey in life, let us travel together;" and some very profitable tours did they make in company!

His presence now was on a special mission from Davis, whom he had just met at Trèves, and who despatched him to request his daughter to come on to Carlsruhe, where he would await her. The count was charged to explain, in some light, easy way of his own, why her father had left Brussels so abruptly; and he was also instructed to take Annesley Beecher into his holy keeping, and not suffer him to fall into indiscretions, or adventure upon speculations of his own devising.

Lizzy thought him "charming"—far more worldly-wise people than Lizzy had often thought the same. There was a bubbling fountain of good-humor about him that seemed inexhaustible. He was always ready for any plan that promised pleasure. Unlike Beecher, who knew nobody, the count walked the street in a perpetual salutation, bowing, hand-shaking and sometimes kissing, as he went; and in that strange polyglot that he talked he murmured as he went, "Ah, lieber Freund!"—"Come sta?"—"Addio!"—"Mon meilleur ami!"—"to each that passed; so that verily the world did seem only peopled with those who loved him.

As for Beecher, notwithstanding a certain distrust at the beginning, he soon fell captive to a manner that few resisted; and though the intercourse was limited to shaking hands and smiling at each other, the count's pleasant exclamation of "All right!" with a jovial slap on the shoulder, made him feel that he was a "regular trump," and a man "to depend on."

One lurking thought alone disturbed this esteem—he was jealous of his influence over Lizzy; he marked the pleasure with which she listened to him—the eager delight she showed when he came—her readiness to sing or play for him. Beecher saw all these in sorrow and bitterness; and though twenty times a day he asked himself, "What the deuce is it to me? How can it possibly matter to me who she cares for?"—the haunting dread never left his mind; and became his very torturer. But why should he worry himself about it at all? The fellow did what he liked with every one. Rivers, the sulky training groom, that would not have let a Royal Highness see "the horse," actually took Klepper out and galloped him for the count. The austere landlady of the inn was smiles and courtesy to him; even to that unpolished class, the hackney coachmen, his

blandishments extended, and they vied with each other who should serve him.

"We are to start for Wiesbaden to-morrow," said Lizzy to Beecher.

"Why so—who says so?"

"The Count—"

"St, st, andiamo—all right!" cried the count, laughing; and the march was ordered.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A FOREIGN COUNT.

THE announcement of Count Lienstahl's arrival at Wiesbaden was received with rejoicing. "Now we shall open the season in earnest. We shall have balls, picnics, races, hurdle-matches, gipsy parties, excursions by land and water! He'll manage everything and everybody." Such were the exclamations that resounded along the Promenade as the party drove up to the hotel. Within less than an hour the count had been to Beberich to visit the reigning duke, he had kissed hands with half a dozen serene highnesses, made his bow to the Chief Minister and the Governor of Wiesbaden, and come back to dinner all smiles and delight at the condescension and kindness of the court and the capital.

If Lienstahl's popularity was great, he only shared a very humble portion of public attention when they appeared at the *table d'hôte*. There Lizzy Davis attracted every look, and the fame of her beauty was already widespread. Such was the eagerness to obtain place at the table that the most extravagant bribes were offered for a seat, and a well-known elegant of Vienna actually paid a waiter five louis to cede his napkin to him and let him serve in his stead. Beecher was anything but gratified at these demonstrations. If his taste was offended, his fears were also excited. "Something bad must come of it," was his own muttered reflection; and as they retired after dinner to take their coffee, he showed very palpably his displeasure.

"Eh, caro mio—all right?" said the count, gaily, as he threw an arm over his shoulder.

"No, by Jove!—all wrong. I don't like it. It's not the style of thing I fancy." And here his confusion overwhelmed him, and he stopped abruptly; for the count, seating himself at the piano, and rattling off a lively prelude, began a well-known air from a popular French vaudeville, of which the following is a rude version:

With a lovely face beside you,
You can't walk this world far,
But from those who've closely eyed you,
Comes the question—Who you are?
And though dowagers will send you
Cutting looks and glances keen,
The men will comprehend you
When you say—"C'est ma cousine."

He was preparing for the second verse when Lizzy entered the room, and turning at once to her, he poured forth some sentences with all that voluble rapidity he possessed.

"So," said she, addressing Beecher, "it seems that you are shocked, or horrified, or your good taste is outraged, by certain demonstrations of admiration for me exhibited by the worthy public of this place; and, shall I own to you, I liked it. I thought it very nice and very flattering, and all that, until I thought it was a little—a very little, perhaps, but still a little—impertinent. Was that your opinion?"

There was a blunt frankness about this question, uttered in such palpable honesty of intention, that Beecher felt overwhelmed at once.

"I don't know the Continent like your friend there. I can't pretend to offer you advice and counsel like him; but if you really ask me, I'd say, 'Don't dine below any more—don't go to the rooms of an evening—don't frequent the promenade—'"

"What would you say to my taking the veil, for I fancy I've some vocation that way?" And then, turning to the count, she said something in French, at which he laughed immoderately.

Whether vexed with himself or with her, or more probably still, annoyed by not being able to understand what passed in a foreign language, Beecher took his hat and left the room. Without his ever suspecting it, a new pang was just added to his former griefs, and he was jealous! It is very rare that a man begins by confessing a sense of jealousy to his own heart; he usually ascribes the dislike he feels to a rival to some defect or some blemish in a nature. He is a coarse fellow—rude—vulgar, a coxcomb, or, worst of all, a bore. In some such disposition as this Beecher quitted the town and strolled away into the country. He felt he hated the count, and yet he could not perceive why. Lienstahl possessed a vast number of the qualities he was generally disposed to like. He was gay, lively, light-hearted, never out of humor, never even thoughtful—his was that easy temperament that seemed to adapt itself to every phase of life. What was it, then? What could it be that he disliked about him? It was somewhat "cool," too, of Grog, to send this fellow over without even the courtesy of a line to himself. "Serve him right—serve them all right—if I were to cut my lucky," and he ruminated long and anxiously over the thought. His present position was anything but pleasant or flattering to him. For aught he knew, the count and Lizzy Davis passed their time laughing at his English ignorance of all things foreign. By dint of



THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA—DESPERATE CONFLICT IN THE STREETS.



The lovely Arabella Flighty having, for the sake of an "establishment," married an extremely ugly, rich and commonplace man, devotes her leisure hours, during his absence, to an innocent flirtation with a dashing, handsome fellow. Their tête-à-tête is rudely interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who, having been on the watch, exclaims, "Lor, Missis! Master's a coming—he's close by!"



Mary having taking her "missus's young man" down stairs, the master wants to know "who that young man is in the kitchen?" The truthful Mary says, "Please, sir, it's my young man!" Her master congratulates her upon her good taste.

a good deal of such self-tormenting, he at last reached the point whereat the very slightest additional impulse would have determined him to decamp from his party and set out all alone, for Italy. The terror of a day of reckoning with Davis was, however, a dread that he could never shake off. Grog the unforgiving, the inexorable! Grog, whose greatest boast in his vain-glorious moments was that, in the "long run," no man ever got the better of him, would assuredly bring him to book one day or other; and he knew the man's nature well enough to be aware that no fear of personal consequences would ever balk him on the road to a vengeance.

Sometimes the thought occurred to him that he would make a frank and full confession to Lackington of all his delinquencies, even to that terrible "count" by which the fame and fortune of his house might be blasted for ever. If he could but string up his courage to this pitch Lackington might "pull him through," Lackington would see that "there was nothing else for it," and so on. It is marvellous what an apparent strength of argument lies in these along expressions familiar to certain orders of men. These conventionalities seem to settle at once questions which, if treated in more befitting phraseology, would present the gravest difficulties.

He walked on and on, and at last gained a pine-wood which skirted the base of a mountain, and soon lost himself in its dark recesses. Gloomier than the place itself were the tone of his reflections. All that he might have been, all that lay so easily within his reach, all that life once offered him, contrasted bitterly with what he now saw himself. Conscience, it is true, suggested few of his present pangs; he believed—ay, sincerely believed—that he had been more "sinned against than sinning." Such a one had "let him in" here, such another had "sold him" there. In his reminiscences he saw himself trustful, generous and confiding, while the world, the great globe that includes Tattersall's, Goodwood, Newmarket and Ascot, was little better than a nest of knaves and vagabonds.

Why couldn't Lackington get him something abroad—in the Brazil or Lima, for instance? He wasn't quite sure where they were, but they were far away, he thought—places too remote for Grog Davis to hunt him out, and whence he could give the great Grog a haughty defiance. They—how it would have puzzled him to say who "they" were—they couldn't refuse Lackington if he asked. He was always voting and giving his proxies, and doing all manner of things for them; he made a speech, too, last year, at Hoxton, and gave a lecture upon something that must have served them. Lackington would begin the old story about character; "but who had a character now-a-days?" "Take down the Court Guides," cried he, aloud, "and let me give you the private life and adventures of each as you read out the names. Talk of me! why what have I done equal to what Lockwood, Hepton, Bulkeley, Frank Melton, and fifty more have done? No, no, for public life now! They must do as a sergeant of the Ninety-fifth told me the other day, 'We're obliged to take 'em little, sir, and glad to get 'em too!'"

It might be that there was something grateful to his feelings, reassuring to his heart, in this reflection, for he walked along now more briskly and his head higher than before. Without being aware he had already gone some miles from the town, and now found himself in one of those long grassy alleys which traversed the dense wood in various directions. As he looked down the narrow road which seemed like the vast aisle of some Gothic cathedral, he felt a sort of tremulous motion beneath his feet, and then the moment after he could detect the measured tramp of a horse at speed. A slight bend of the alley had hitherto shut out the view, but suddenly a dark object came sweeping round the turn and advancing towards him. Half to secure a position, and half with the thought of watching what this might portend, Beecher stepped aside into the dense brushwood at the side of the alley, and which effectually hid him from view. He had barely time to make his retreat when a horse swept past him at full stride, and with one glance he recognized him as "Klepper." It was Rivers, too, who rode him, sitting high over the saddle and with his hands low, as if racing. Now it was but that very morning Rivers had told him that the horse wasn't "quite right," a bit heavy or so about the eyes, "out of sorts," he called it, and there he was now flying along at the top of his speed in full health and condition. It needed but the feeblest part of this to suggest a suspicion to such a mind as his, and with the speed of lightning there flashed across him the notion of a "cross."



In the parlor Mr. Gorgon finds his wife, and in a very ill-humor. "What's the matter, my love?" says Mr. Gorgon. "Why, my dear," says the simple and confiding wife, "there's Mary gone and chosen a young, handsome fellow for her lover. A pretty life she'll lead!" "Never mind, my pet," says the complacent husband, "don't distress yourself. You thought about those young fellows yourself once, but you've got over that—Mary will do the same."



MR. BRIGGS CONTINUES HIS HORSE-TAMING EXPERIMENTS.

To show what perfect control he has over his animal, he seats himself on its back with his face to its tail, and—suddenly opens an umbrella!

He, Annesley Beecher, was to be "put into the hole," to be "squared," and "nobled," and all the rest of it! It did not indeed occur to him how very unprofitably such an enterprise would reward its votaries, that it would be a most gratuitous iniquity to "push him to the wall," that all the ingenious malevolence in the world could never make the venture "pay," his self-conceit smothered these reasonings, and he determined to watch and to see how the scheme was to be developed. He had not to wait long in suspense, at the bend of the alley where the horse had disappeared two horsemen were now seen slowly approaching him. As they drew nearer Beecher could mark that they were in close, and what seemed confidential, conversation. One he quickly recognized to be the count, the other, to his amazement, was Spicer, of whose arrival at Aix he had not heard anything. They moved so slowly past the spot where he was standing that he could gather some of the words that escaped them, although being in French; the sound of his own name quickly caught his ear. It was the count spoke as they came up.

"He is a powerful sire, this Beecher, and I don't yet see what use he can be to us."

"Davis likes him, or at least he wants him," replied Spicer, "and that's enough for us. Depend upon it, Grog makes no mistakes." The other laughed, but what he replied was lost in the distance.

It was some time ere Beecher could summon resolution to leave the place of his concealment and set out towards the town. Of all the sentiments that swayed and controlled him, none had such a perfect mastery over his nature as distrust. It was, in fact, the solitary lesson his life's experience had taught him. He fancied that he could trace every mistake he had ever made, every failure he had ever incurred, to some unlucky movement of credulity on his own part, and that "believing" was the one great error of his whole life. He had long been of opinion that high station and character had no greater privileges than the power they possessed of imposing a certain trustfulness in their pledges, and that the great "pull" a duke had over a "leg" was that his grace would be believed in preference. But it also appeared to him that rogues were generally true to each other; now if this last hope were to be taken away, what was there left in life to cling to? Spicer had said, "Davis wants him." What did that mean?—what could it mean? Simply that Grog found him, not an associate or colleague, but a convenient tool. What an intolerable insult that he, the Honorable Annesley Beecher, whose great connexions rambled through half Debrett, was to be accounted a mere outpost sentry in the corps of Grog Davis!

His anger increased as he went along. The wound to his self-esteem was in the very tenderest spot of his nature. Had any man ever sacrificed so much to be a sharp fellow as he had? Who had, like him, given up friends, station, career and prospects? Who had voluntarily surrendered the society of his equals, and gone down to the very dregs of mankind, just to learn that one great secret? And was it to be all in vain? Was all this training and teaching to go for nothing? Was he, after descending to the ranks, to discover that he never could learn the manual exercise? How often, in the gloomiest hours of his disappointment, had he hugged the consolation to his heart that Grog Davis knew and valued him! "Ask G. D. if I'm a flat," was the proud rejoinder he would hurl at any attempt to depreciate his shrewdness. What was to become of him, then, if the bank that held all his fortune was to fail? If Beecher deemed a sharp fellow the most enviable of all mortals, so he regarded a dupe as the meanest and most miserable, and the very thought of such a fate was almost maddening. "No, confound me! they shan't have it to say that they 'landed' A. B.; they shall never boast that they nobbled me," cried he, warming with the indignation that worked within him. "I'm off, and this time without beat of drum. Davis may do his worst. I'll lie by snug for a year or two. There must be many a safe spot in Germany or Italy where a man may defy detection." And then he ran over in his own mind all the successful devices he had seen adopted for disguising a man's appearance. Howard Vane had a wig and whiskers that left him unrecognised by his own mother; Crofton Campbell travelled with Inspector Field in search of himself all by means of a nose. It was wonderful what science was accomplishing every day for the happiness and welfare of mankind!

The plan of escape was not without its difficulties, however. First of all, he had no money. Davis had given him merely enough to pay railroad fares and the charges incidental to the road, and he was living at the hotel on credit. This was a serious obstacle, but it was also

one which had so often before occurred in Beecher's experience that he was not so much dismayed by it as many another might have been. "Money was always to be had somehow," was a golden rule of his philosophy, the somehow meaning that it resolved itself into a simple question of skill and address of the individual in want of it. Aix was a considerable town, much frequented by strangers, and must doubtless possess all the civilizing attributes of other cities, viz., Jews, money-lenders and discounters. Then, the landlord of the inn—it was always customary to give him the preference in these cases. He'd surely not refuse an advance of a few hundred francs to a man who came accompanied as he was. Klepper alone was good security for ten times more than he needed. Must it be confessed that he felt elevated in his own esteem when he had resolved upon this scheme. It savored of shrewdness—that great touchstone of capacity which he revered so highly. "They shall see if I'm a flat, this time," chuckled he to himself, as he went along; and he stepped out briskly in the excitement of self-approval. Then he went over in his mind all the angry commentaries that would be passed upon his flight—the passionate fury of Grog, the amazement of Spicer, the almost incredulous surprise of the count—till at last he came to Lizzy; and then, for the first time in all his calculations, a sense of shame sent the color to his cheek, and he blushed till his face grew crimson. "Ay, by Jove! what will she think?" muttered he, in a voice of honest truthfulness. How he should appear to her—how he should stand in her estimation—after such an ignominious desertion, was a thought not to be encountered by self-praises of his cunning. What would her "pluck" say to his "cowardice?" was a terrible query.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY AND MURDER.

A TALE OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

By Giacomo S. Campana.

SOME sixteen years before that same Satanic scowl had, in a moment of ineffable horror, been daguerreotypied upon the brain of the child. Terror and the lapse of time almost obliterated the impression, but the instant she saw again that murderous frown which had marked the one great epoch of her otherwise peaceful life, the whole scene came back again with the rapidity of an electric flash. She remembered that scowl as if she had seen it yesterday, and it was Spontini's face that wore it as he was in the act of striking to the earth the only friend and companion she had ever known—evidently her father. She now remembered how she had run in terror from the spot, and hid among the rocks and lachen, as she saw the murderer throw her father's body on his own horse while he led that of his victim by the bridle, and galloped away. In one second this whole scene flashed upon her memory, and in another second she had fainted away, but not until she had hurled the damning accusation at her almost husband—her father's murderer.

Spontini had nerves of iron, but they could not stand such a shock as this. For a moment he seemed disposed to show a brazen front, and dare the worst, but immediately afterwards he appeared to lose all self-control, and, with a muttered imprecation, broke away from the company assembled at the altar, and rushed out of the church. No attempt was made to detain him, but Hans was observed to leave the building almost at the same moment. Horses are not very numerous in the Bavarian Alps, but there were two or three at the door, and Hans, leaping upon the first that offered, started at full speed in the direction of his own home.

It was the general belief that Hans Koppner had gone in pursuit of Spontini; but he rode furiously down the valley without making any attempt to track the fugitive, and, as soon as he reached home, ran up stairs to the room occupied by his cousin. He had hardly passed the threshold when he heard some one gallop up to the door. Looking through a window, he saw Spontini; but the instant the latter caught his eye, he put spurs to his horse, and rode away at full speed.

Hans turned from the window, and took from a closet a small portmanteau, the property of his cousin. It was locked. Without a moment's hesitation, he took out his jack-knife and ripped it open. The search he was evidently instituting seemed for a time to be unsuccessful. After rummaging in every direction, he was about to give it up, when a well-concealed secret pocket caught his eye. Groping into it, he pulled out several jewels, diamonds and other gems of great value. With a smothered cry, he seized one of these. It was a large ruby heart, set in a gold ring, with the letters "M and E" inside of it—the exact counterpart, in every respect, of the trinket found suspended to Gretchen's neck, and worn that day upon her finger. Having on one occasion suddenly entered Spontini's chamber, he had caught a glimpse of this ruby. It was hurriedly thrust out of sight by his cousin, who immediately locked up the portmanteau and put it away. Hans was somewhat surprised at his conduct, and the more so because he had a vague impression of having seen the jewel somewhere before; but the incident made only a slight impression on his mind, and soon passed away from his memory. The scene at the altar, however, recalled it vividly to his recollection, and brought with it a suspicion which he at once took measures to verify before Spontini could forestall him.

As soon as Margaret had recovered sufficiently from the tremendous shock to which her nerves had been subjected, she gave a more detailed account of what had been so singularly regained from one of the long unopened chambers in the store-house of memory. She could now remember a long journey with one whom she called "Papa," a word which had more than once thrilled through her heart like half-forgotten music. She also remembered another person who joined them, and remained with them some time, and who used to give her sweetmeats. One day she was suddenly startled by a loud noise, and almost at the same moment she saw her "Papa" lying on the ground, and their companion bending over him in the act of striking him, with that awful, murderous scowl upon his face which had been so indelibly impressed upon her memory. Her little brain almost paralysed with fear, she fled and hid herself. She saw the murderer ride away with her father's body, and by the time Hans came up, her faculties had become so thoroughly benumbed that she could give no intelligible account of herself. New scenes and circumstances soon obliterated, to all appearance, every impression of the past. The subsequent quickening of her memory, so many years afterwards, under the influence of the shock which set the chord of association to vibrating with such unwonted vigor, was a curious psychological fact, but by no means an inexplicable one.

The next morning a letter was brought in which had been found fastened by a tack to one of Hans Koppner's gate-posts. He broke the seal immediately, but had only read a line or two when he dashed it down upon the floor, and without saying a word ran out of the house with a speed which few but his own brother hunters could have imitated. Frau Bertha and Margaret were both present. The former picked up the letter and requested Gretchen to read it, as the most obvious method of explaining Hans's singular conduct. It was an almost illegible scrawl, hastily traced with a lead pencil, and probably by the light of early dawn. It was laboriously deciphered thus:

"I doubt whether you have proof enough to hang me, even with the ruby ring and other matters which you will find among my effects. Be that as it may, I will save you all trouble by becoming my own executioner. You will find my body at the bottom of the 'Day-star Hole.' If I live, it must be to bear the felon's doom of being hunted through the world like a wild beast. I prefer to die, for my life is not so pleasant as one as to make it worth while to sacrifice so much in order to prolong it. I have not slept on beds of roses for many a year. My love for Margaret has been for a long time the main-spring of my existence; but I have just discovered that the man I murdered more than sixteen years ago was her father. Ordinary obstacles I despise, but it would hardly do for me to renege my wooing with such a millstone as that hung about my neck. I am not a Richard the Third, nor is she a Lady Anne. Having fairly lost, I prefer to give up the game. I have no faith in the bugbears with which priests and other old women try to frighten us. I have an uncle a prior. I have looked at the church too closely; for 'familiarity breeds contempt.' Two hours hence I shall have returned to the nothingness from which I sprang.

"I have spent a lifetime in deciphering men. The simpletons in this valley are so grossly stupid that they have always deceived

themselves, without any assistance from me. I have read you all as I would read a horn-book, while you knew no more of my real character than if I had been the Great Panjandrum of the Esquimaux, or the Grand Vizier of his superlatively high Mightiness the High Priest and Sultan of Timbuctoo.

"I believe ninety-nine men out of a hundred to be criminal just exactly in proportion to their courage. Cowards almost invariably get the reputation of being virtuous, simply because they have not nerve enough to be vicious. What fools and dastards call crime has never deterred me from accomplishing any purpose on which I had set my heart. In one of my many journeys across the Bavarian Alps I fell in company with a middle-aged gentleman, carrying a little girl on horseback. Entering into conversation with him I found that he was called the Baron von Leinsfeldt. He had lately lost his wife, an Italian lady, and was now conveying their only child to his native province in Germany by a route hardly practicable for wheeled vehicles. His servant had been taken sick by the way, and the child's nurse also, of an epidemic fever; so that he was travelling altogether alone. He felt secure, however, for though it was a wild, lonely country, the people were very honest. So he told me, and I was not at all disposed to dispute it. Both the servants, as I afterwards found, died at an obscure inn in Lombardy.

"I soon gained the entire confidence of the baron, and it was not long before I made the interesting discovery that he had, in gold and notes, some five or six thousand ducats in his saddlebags. This piece of information was his death-warrant. I watched my opportunity, and sent a pistol ball through his neck. I had fired a little lower than I intended, and though he fell to the ground he was still alive. I finished him with a club, took possession of his money and other valuables, threw the corpse across the saddle before me, and leading the other horse, rode to the 'Day-star Hole.' Then I tied the dead man and all that belonged to him, except what I had taken, to his own horse, and forced the latter to spring over the precipice. You will find their bones and my carcass lying together at the bottom of the hole. Why I have chosen this spot for my purpose I can hardly tell. There seems to be a secret impulse dragging me to the place; and besides, I have no ready means of getting rid of life except to throw myself over this edge.

"After I had got rid of the baron's dead body I remembered for the first time the child which I had left behind, and returned to seek it. I did not find it, of course; but I never knew until yesterday what became of it. I then penetrated to the wildest part of the Brunnwald, and thence, by a circuitous route, reached Munich, the place of my destination. I returned to Italy by the way of France, and did not revisit the Löwenthal for more than three years. I then found that Hans Koppner had adopted a little girl who was an orphan, but the most remote idea of her real origin never once presented itself to my mind.

"As it will no longer avail me anything to conceal the truth, I may as well avow the fact that it was I who robbed, or rather instigated the robbing of, Hans Koppner, and that Carl is perfectly innocent. Any one less stupid than a Bavarian judge might have discovered the latter of these truths long ago. It was not for gain that I did it; but I had sworn that Margaret should be my wife, and I found that my purpose could never be accomplished without first getting Carl out of the way. On the evening of the betrothal festival, it was noticed by many that Carl was unusually drowsy, and he was often rallied in consequence of it. I had managed to drug his beer, and then to tear off a portion of his shirt-sleeve and wristband, with the button attached, while he was sleeping for a few minutes in the back porch. That same night I admitted into the house an accomplice, whom I had engaged for the purpose. When my cousin ran after him, I was waiting all ready to prevent him from catching him, by running between the pursuer and the pursued. Afterwards, seeing that Hans was about to get ahead of me, I was obliged to jostle him, so that when I purposely fell he tumbled over me. This secured the escape of the plunderer. When we returned to the house, I produced the fragment of Carl's shirt-sleeve, and declared that I had just torn it from the arm of the fugitive, in my pretended scuffle with him. The ruse was perfectly successful, and the consequences followed with which you are all familiar.

"It is not repentance which has induced me to make this revelation. No such weakness has ever beset me. It is simply because I consider it the part of a fool to do mischief wantonly, when nothing is to be gained by it; just as I consider it a proof of folly to continue to live after the loss of all that makes life desirable. It is purely a matter of calculation, and not at all of feeling, in both cases. In less than an hour I will have solved the great problem, which is thought to be so difficult, and which is, nevertheless, so perfectly easy. I have some curiosity, but no fear as to the result. I am perfectly calm. It is not excitement but want of light that makes my writing difficult to read. I have finished."

The reader will, of course, have no difficulty in understanding the reason why Hans did not read the letter to the end. It was a sore trial for poor Margaret's firmness; but terrible as the wretched man's confession was, it contained a healing balm for all the wounds which it inflicted upon her sensibility. In less than twenty minutes, Hans was at the margin of the "Day-Star Hole." This name was given to a fissure in the rocky mountain side, full five hundred feet in depth, and so narrow and well-like that the stars may be seen in broad daylight by an observer stationed at the bottom of it. Hence its name. Hans peered over the edge of the precipice, but it was only at midday, when the sun shone directly into it, that the eye could penetrate its obscurity. Without a moment's pause, therefore, he began to descend the circuitous, precipitous, and even perilous path which led down the face of the cliff. At last he reached the bottom, and found there, as he had expected, the mangled and hardly recognizable corpse of Pietro Spontini, and close beside it the bones of a horse, with the mouldering skeleton of Margaret's father, dyed in the life-blood of his murderer, who had so nearly become her husband.

We have but little more to tell. Hans Koppner, who had effected the escape of poor Carl, when he firmly believed him to be guilty, had now no great difficulty in finding the place of his retreat, and recalling him to the arms of his betrothed. They were soon afterwards married, and settled in the same beautiful valley. It was in their house, and from Carl's own lips that I heard the story, while pretty Gretchen smiled beside us. Documents were found among Spontini's baggage, which led to the discovery of aristocratic relations in Northern Germany; but she never sought them, and a loving husband with two lovely babes were pretty safe pledges to those interested that she would never leave the Löwenthal.

Harrisonburg, Va., April 10th, 1858.

CHESS.

A FOURTH PRIZE IN THE LESLIE PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—A supplementary prize of a novel character will be given in our Problem Tournament. All composers who see fit to forward to us a single three-move problem, accompanied by their daguerreotype or photographic portrait, will be considered as competing (so far as the one problem accompanying the portrait is concerned) for the Supplementary Prize, which will consist of the collection of portraits so received, to be awarded to the composer of the best three-move problem so sent to us. This plan in no way interferes with the original three prizes. All or any of the four prizes may be competed for, according to the skill or fancy of composers. We have been assured by some of the first composers of this country, that they will enter for the portraits, and have been informed by them that others of the very highest standing also take a great interest in it, and will compete. We have not the slightest doubt that the foreign lions will also put in an appearance. In fact we almost fear the last prize will make a kangaroo matter of it—the greatest strength being in the hind quarters. It is almost unnecessary to say that the same arrangement as to time, and the same committee will serve, as specified in the original announcement. Composers are not restricted to a single problem in competing for any one of the first three prizes, but may send as many as they see fit of a like number of moves. N. B.—We reserve the privilege of publishing, as a frontispiece to our proposed book of problems, the portrait of the winner of any one of the four prizes.

CHESS IN CALIFORNIA.—The California State Tournament is an unqualified success. The players were, eight in the first class, twenty-six in the second

class, and twelve in the second division of the second class. The playing commenced on the 23d of March. On the 5th of April the score stood as follows, four of the eight first-class players having been already thrown out:

FIRST CLASS.			
Won.	Drawn.	Won.	Won.
Franklin, 2	2	1 Roberts.	Shaw, 2
0	0	0	3 Jones.

In the first division of the second class, the number has been reduced to six players, viz., Messrs. Ellis, Broom, L. Levinson, Stevens, Charter and Farwell. The second division of the second class consisted, on the 5th of April, of Messrs. Gardiner, Sharp and Fuller. Mr. Daniel S. Roberts, one of the winners, thus far, is the President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, of which we have the honor to be Secretary. He is well known throughout the "Chess circle" of the country as being one of the very finest and most finished players. We shall look to find him in the very first rank of winners. The *Alta California* says: "As the matches draw to a close, the most intense interest is manifested, and in the final contest there will doubtless be no inconsiderable degree of excitement among the admirers of the noble game."

CHESS ABROAD.—A match between Mr. Boden and the Rev. J. Owen, two very fine players, has recently occasioned considerable interest in the St. George's Chess Club. The score, however, was one-sided, Mr. Boden winning seven games, Mr. Owen two, two games being drawn. A match at Rice's Divan was much better sustained; Mr. Barnes and Mr. J. G. Campbell were the combatants. The first game was admirably played. Mr. Barnes took the lead, had it wrested from him by his opponent, who cleverly again worked up his deficiency, and finally won at the end. Mr. Campbell won the second game. On this result ensues a very surprising fact. With the interval of a drawn game, Mr. Barnes plays most dexterously, and scores five games successively. Is Mr. Campbell then beaten, with only one more game to lose? Many would say, "Yes." Not so, however; "the Campbells were coming." With the genius of a La Bourdonnais, when he had lost the majority of games in his first six encounters with Mr. Campbell—with the spirit and resource of Harwitz, when headed by Lowenthal, Mr. Campbell, to the astonishment of all, wins (with one drawn game intervening) six games running, and thus gains the match by a majority of one. This performance, therefore, taking the rank of the players (both excellent) into consideration, is one of the best instances on record of the success of pluck and skill in an uphill contest. The British Chess Association meets on the 22d of June next. "It is whispered," says the *Illustrated London News*, "that Mr. Morphy may be present." The *News* anticipates, should such be the case, a greater Chess gathering than has ever before taken place in England.

CHESS IN NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. Morphy has just concluded a round of fifteen games with Mr. Worrall, the amateur from Mexico, who has lately been playing with Mr. Staunton. Mr. Morphy gave Mr. Worrall the odds of the Knight, winning eight games and losing seven. Mr. Staunton also gave Mr. W. the Knight, but how the parties stood relatively as to winner and loser at the end, we cannot state.

A CASE.—In response to Mr. Stanley's general invitation, we present our views in relation to the following case: "P. bets R. that Mr. M. will not win a certain game at Chess—stating at the time that, in so wording the wager, he took into consideration the probable contingency of a drawn game. R. bets that Mr. M. will win. The game results in a draw, and the question left for decision is, does R. lose?" It seems to us that the real question to be decided is, can a loss be incurred, by means of a drawn game, in the absence of a special stipulation relating to such a contingency? We think not! The above bet, unless a special and well understood agreement was made to the contrary, was on the result of the game, in accordance with all the rules of Chess, and subject to well-known established usages. Mr. P. admits taking into consideration the probable contingency of a drawn game, and yet said nothing about such contingency at the time the wager was made, thereby quietly harboring a *lache* against the interest of his opponent. *Laches*, in wagers as in law, should not be recognized except to vitiate the wager of the holder, in case of success, without affecting the matter in case of his loss. We consider the bet a draw. If Mr. M. had won the game, P's bet must stand, even though the question of the drawn game had subsequently arisen.

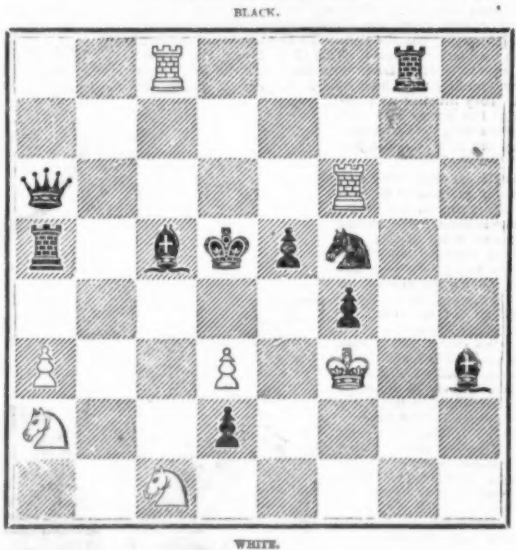
CHESS IN THE INTERIOR.—Extract from a letter dated

"Santa Fe, New Mexico, March 14, 1858.
"I avail myself of the occasion of writing to inform the Chess Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S, that we have recently formed a Chess Club in this city, where rooms are now fitted up in all their appointments. We have sent upwards of one hundred dollars to the States, for fine Chessmen and boards, books, &c. &c. The principal officers are, Col. John B. Grayson, U. S. A., President; Wm. Drew, Secretary; Joseph Mercure, Treasurer. Our principal players are, Col. Grayson and Messrs. J. Mercure, David J. Miller, L. Staab, A. H. Pfeiffer, M. Speigelberg, Wm. Drew, and some others. Our neighboring city of Albuquerque has also a Club in operation, and there is now a game by correspondence in progress between our Club and that one. The two places are some seventy-five miles apart, and the moves average about one every week—thus seldom for want of more frequent communication between the two cities. Cannot say which Club yet has the advantage in the game."

Thus we see our favorite game spreading even to the great interior, midway between the oceans. May the regiment under Col. Grayson crown themselves with glory on the battle-field of the sixty-four squares!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—D. J. MILLER. The picture of the Chess players has not yet made its appearance, and we fear it never will. We can procure you a photographic portrait from Brady for \$15, full size.—Dr. C. C. MOORE. Have forwarded the diagrams, and written by mail. Problems on file. Solution correct.—INCOGNITO. Problem No. 2 on file for use.—Dr. R. Problem No. 2 rather simple as it stands; a slight alteration, with your permission, will make it useful. No. 3 is faulty. Problems and solutions received will all be duly attended to.—J. A. B., Salem. Try K to B 7; Black, R to Kt 5 (best); after which Black may play anything; White plays Q to K 2 (ch); Kt to B 2; Q tks R Mate.—YALE. Problem sound, but too obvious.—C. J. J. Five-move position may be brought to a satisfactory termination in four, by Kt tks P; R to K B 3; R tks B P (ch); B mates; Black's moves being all forced.—E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. White may play several ways and mate in three moves.—JACOB ELSON. Answered by mail. W. R. M. Solution faulty.—J. C. R., New York, Problem, will be examined soon.

PROBLEM CXXVI.—By DUNEDIN, of Brooklyn. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



GAME CXXVI.—(MUZZO GAMBIT)—From the Chess Monthly for May. Between Mr. PAUL MORPHY and an amateur. (Remove White Queen's Knight from the board.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. M.	Amateur.	Mr. M.	Amateur.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	11 R tks B	Kt to K R 3
2 P to K B 4	P tks P	12 QR to KB sq	Kt to K sq
3 Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4	13 Q to K R 4	P to Q 3 (a)
4 B to Q B 4	P to Kt 5	14 Q to KB 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
5 P to Q 4	P tks Kt	15 Q tks Kt	B to Q 2
6 Castles	B to K R 3	16 K R to B 3	Kt to K 2
7 Q tks P	Kt to Q B 3	17 P to K R 4	Kt to K 3
8 B tks K B P (ch)	K tks R	18 P to K R 5	B to Kt 5
9 Q to K R 5 (ch)	K to Kt 2	19 R tks Kt	P tks P (b)
10 Q tks P	B tks B		

(a) As good a move as Black could make in a position of such difficulty. To save the piece was utterly impossible.

(b) If B takes R, White replies with P to Kt 7, with an easy game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXXIV. (by S. LLOYD.)			
B to K 2 (ch)	B to K 5	K to B 6	R tks P
K tks Kt (b)	P tks B (a)	K to R 3	Mate.
(a) P to Kt 4	B to K Kt 6		R mates
	P moves		
(b) K to B 5	K to B 2	B to B 3	Kt mates.
	K to K 5	B to B 5	

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Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:
GENTS.—The package of Kalliston came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they cannot do without it.

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Yours respectfully, JOHN M. BOYD.

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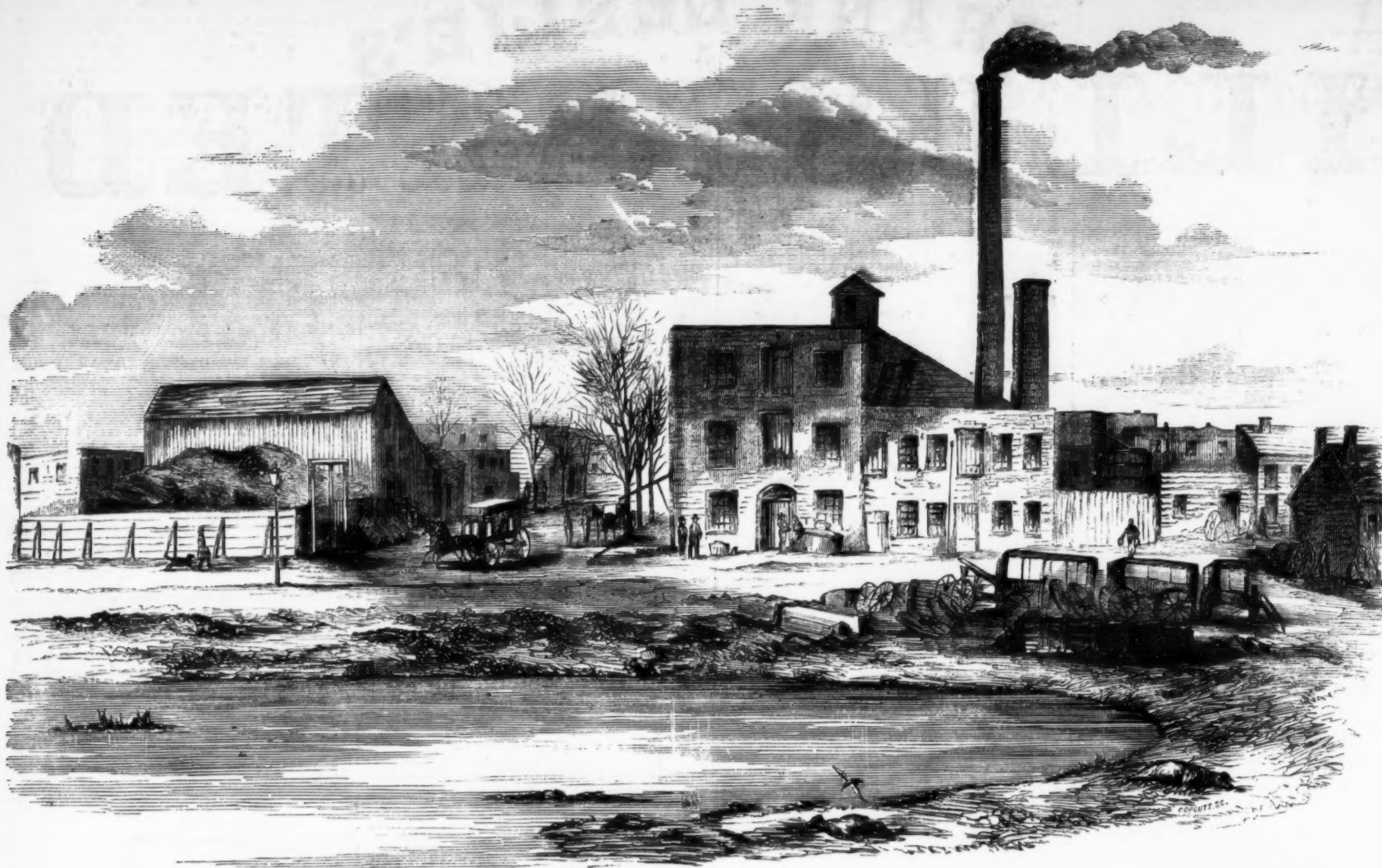
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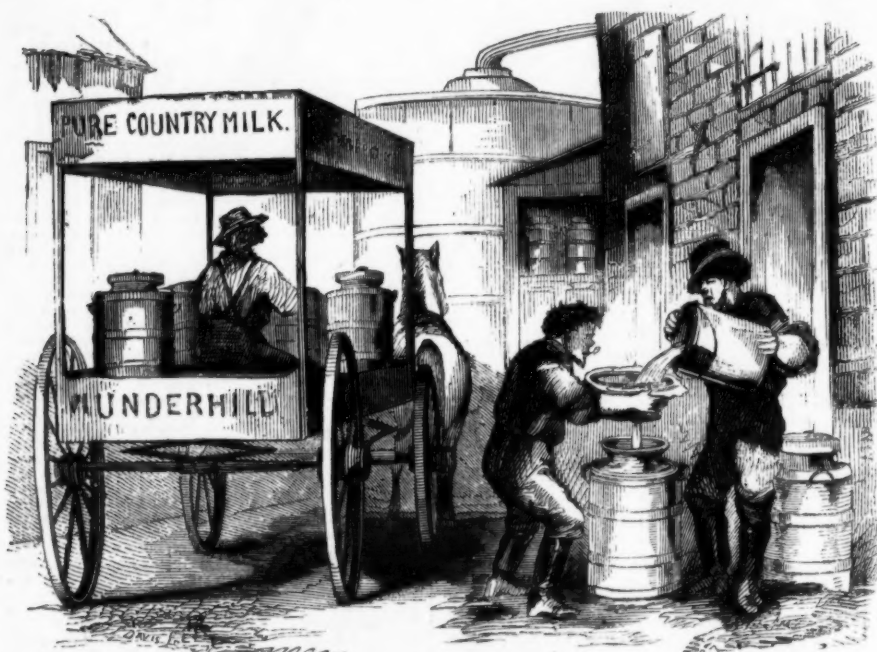
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